JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 149.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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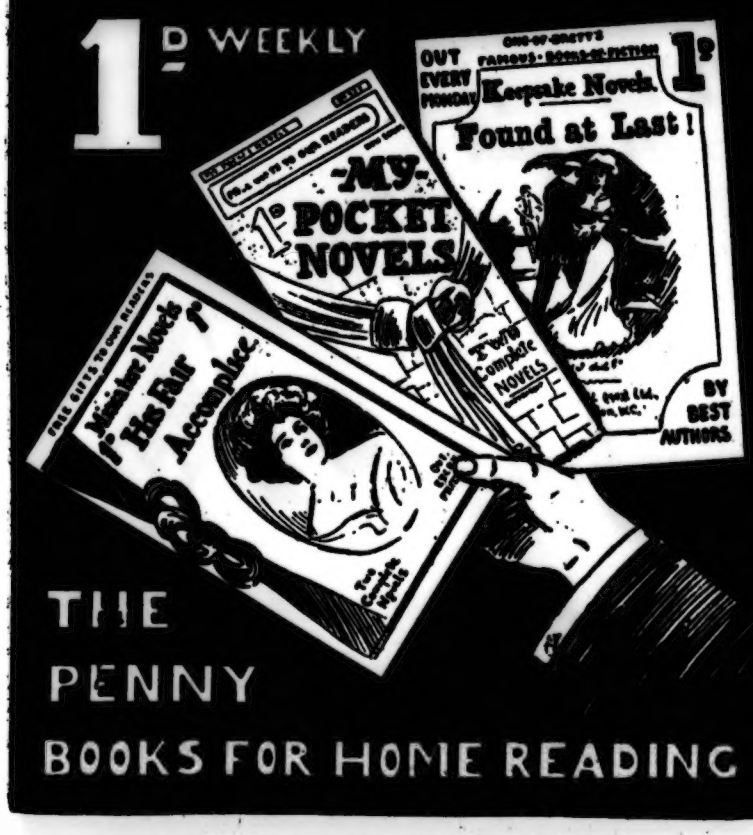

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Vol. IV. No. 89. Saturday, February 15th, 1908. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

On consideration, we have decided to defer, for the moment, any further reference to the little game which is going on behind the scenes in certain official quarters by way of retort to our recent attacks upon the Public Trustee and the Official Receiver. We prefer to give the gentlemen concerned just a little more rope.

Apropos our articles "If I were Prime Minister," one of our readers asks, "If you were Archbishop (with £15,000 a year and two palaces, and outside your gates were the starving multitude, and your clergy claimed to be successors of the Apostles, and you believed professional priestcraft to be an organised hypocrisy) *what would you do?*" Our answer is first, that if we were Archbishop we should *not* believe "professional priestcraft to be an organised hypocrisy;" secondly, that we shouldn't trouble ourselves much as to what the clergy believed, so long as they behaved themselves; and, thirdly, that we should stick to the £15,000 and the two palaces. But, on the other hand, if we belonged to "the starving multitude"—well, we should want to know a little more about that camel and the needle.

Now that the first shock of the Lisbon tragedy is over, let us take a calm view of the matter. When we penned our recent criticisms of the regrettable unconstitutionalism of the King of Portugal in suspending Parliament and placing the country under the virtual dictatorship of Senhor Franco, we had no idea that Nemesis would exact so terrible a vengeance. The crime which destroyed the King and his heir is not to be charged to the anarchists. Apparently it was a well-ordered plot of the ultra-Republicans to wipe out the House of Braganza at a blow. However that may be, from regicide horrors of this kind the civilised conscience of Europe shrinks aghast, and the young King Manuel and his stricken mother will have the pity and the sympathy of every heart capable of human emotions. Even Louis XVI. had his chance; had, indeed, his many chances. Not even the bitterest enemies and the keenest critics of Dom Carlos can charge him with being a Louis. He did many foolish things, He allowed himself to be foolishly advised. He forgot that when a constitutional monarch abolishes his Parliament and sets up in its place a dictatorship, he challenges a whole people. That would be grave unwisdom in the Royal ruler of any democratic nation; but in the Royal ruler of a nation like Portugal, with conspiracy almost always at his palace gates, it assumes almost the dimensions of political madness.

We abhor these regicide crimes, not only because they are savage and despicable, but also because they are almost always useless. As we said when last we commented on affairs in Portugal, in words which have been often used, a people eventually get the government they deserve; and if they are a wise people, they will get just government without killing their king, who is so often limited in his free choice between the good and the evil by the character of the Ministers whom they choose for him. If the Ministers are great men and honest men in their place, the credit is reflected from them to him. If they are self-seeking and corrupt men, he bears the permanent odium without means of answer, while they escape with a little temporary unpopularity. To keep them if they are great and honest is often made impossible to him by the fitful currents of democratic forces; to dismiss them if they are self-seeking and corrupt may be an abstract right, but is one dangerous to exercise. King Carlos found himself the focus of a political system corrupted alike by the men who upheld it and the men who schemed to undermine it. Every party and almost every leader was tainted; and too easily weary of it all, King Carlos took the advice of Franco, governed without a Parliament, and made his Minister dictator. The only possible justification for that sort of solution is success, and success is dependent on the acquiescence of the people. The tragedy was that it failed, because it drove the people into sullen discontent. However, with the new King, Franco goes, and a new chapter opens. What story it will have to tell has yet to be read in the book of the coming years.

One of the most touching circumstances connected with the death of the King of Portugal was the extensive advertisement of the condolences of Peter Karageorgevitch. Great prominence was accorded by the news-

papers to this pious act, and to the fact that the "court" of the occupant of the Servian throne had been ordered to go into mourning for twenty-one days. We can well understand Mr. Karageorgevitch's horror of regicides, not only by reason of the fact that they foisted him upon a throne which he would be glad to forsake, but also by reason of the possibility of another regicide which would make him forsake it somewhat uncomfortably. Seriously, we must protest against any attention being paid to Peter's opinion upon the question of murder, which he has studied only too well.

We really think we must move for a Return showing the number of cases within recent years in which ladies of title and social position have been charged with stealing goods from shops or with obtaining them by false pretences, and showing, also, how many of them have been acquitted, on the ground of neuritis, kleptomania, mental aberration, or some other equally artistic bit of humbug. It is about time that Mr. William Sikes began to study the pathology of crime. It would help him enormously in his defence when next he finds himself before the beak.

We must also proceed with our Wives of Convicts and Lunatics Bill. It is a monstrous injustice, and, at the same time, a grave public danger, that when a man goes to prison for a long term of years, or where he is certified as incurably insane, his wife should be left unprotected and unprovided for, with all the temptations of the world around her, barred from the right to have her marriage annulled. We must also remedy the ridiculous law which says that a Separation Order or a Deed of Separation shall practically render it impossible for the woman to ever obtain a divorce in respect of her husband's subsequent misconduct, whilst attaching no corresponding disability to the husband. These are the sort of man-made laws which give force to the claim of the suffragettes to a voice in the affairs of the nation.

We have no desire to continue our series of "Religious Blasphemy" articles, otherwise we should be tempted to reproduce an account which we read in the *Border Counties Advertiser* of a "Pentecost" at Pontesbury, in Shropshire. It is horrible reading. Young men and women lying full-length on the floor, writhing and howling and tearing their hair, whilst the conductor of the mission, the Rev. W. Miles, shouts to the others to "come forward and let God's spirit have His way with you." Mr. Miles, if we had our way, would be thrown in a duck pond; whilst his victims should be removed to the nearest hospital and treated for sexual hysteria.

Somebody has sent us a copy of the *Christian* of last week, with certain passages marked for our special benefit. Our attention, however, was more particularly attracted to certain advertisements. For instance, a "converted hotel proprietor" wants the co-operation "of a practical Christian partner (with reasonable capital)." What is a "reasonable capital" for "a practical Christian" we cannot say. But the Bible says something on the point, and we refer the advertiser to it. Indeed, he appears to be quite prepared for the revelation, for he proceeds that he is willing, in the alternative, to "convert"—we note that he still plays upon his conversion—his business into a limited company, to "develop it upon the lines of Christian temperance." It is, therefore, useless for anyone not holding these views to offer any financial assistance. Try it, if you doubt us. Then another advertiser wants to know if "any Christian friend has a really good cob that he would sell cheaply for the Lord's work." He must be "a good goer *and free from vice*." How would our own "Dancing Bird" suit? He is no good for *our* work and would be all the better for a little Christian training!

Mr. W. T. Stead has announced that he intends to write a novel the next time he goes to gaol. He is not usually taken seriously as a politician or a moralist, but the popular impression is that he is a good journalist. It would not, however, be good journalism to publish a novel of the kind which he adumbrates. It appears that, when he is once more happily imprisoned, he is to write about "the adventures of an enterprising young journalist on a supposititious daily paper published in Rome during the period that Christ spent on earth." It would be a very dull novel, even if by a great stretch of the imagination we could possibly picture to ourselves the possibility of such a journalist and such a journal. But, if the novel were true to life, we should imagine that it would consist of only one chapter, and that would be a description of the journalist being thrown to the lions. Mr. Stead would have had a short shrift in ancient Rome. We suggest "Circenses" as a good title for the novel, and hope he will soon have an opportunity of writing it.

We have never quite understood why Post Office servants should be debarred from joining political associations. Surely, the fact of their being employed by the State is not a sufficient reason for depriving them of privileges possessed by the servants of all other employers. It is impossible to prevent a Post Office servant from possessing political opinions, and we should have thought it quite as bad for him to think about politics as to join societies where people talk about them. But if a rule is made, we certainly think that it ought to be a hard and fast one. There is no sense in preventing a letter sorter from belonging to the Primrose League and allowing him to belong to the Pioneer Socialist League. Mr. Buxton attempts to make a distinction by saying that the Primrose League is a party organisation, and the Pioneer Socialist League is not. This is absurd, but even if it were not, we fail to see why party politics should be forbidden and other politics permitted to public servants. There seems to be a fate attaching to the Post Office, and we suggest to Mr. Sydney Buxton that there is a fine chance for him to rid it of its old traditions.

We usually agree with most of what we read in *Truth*, and we make no exception with regard to the suggestion that, if C.B. goes to the Lords, "the leader of the Commons should also be in sympathy with the Party, and should be tactful and resourceful in dealing with the numerous sections that compose the majority." This would exclude two or three prominent Ministers, whose early Victorian point of view keeps them out of harmony with the democratic spirit of the Party. But we do not endorse Mr. Labouchere's suggestion that the lot should fall upon Lulu Harcourt. He is a pleasant young man with quite a nice little touch in his confection of small jokes. But it must be remembered that he has not been very long in politics; that he is practically unknown to the rank and file in the country, and that he is not particularly successful in captivating large public meetings. Of course, the difficulty is to find the right man, and the only contribution we can make towards the solution of the problem is to refer our readers to the series of articles now appearing in these columns, indicating what we would do if *we* were Premier. As regards salary, we should be quite prepared to take payment by results—say 10 per cent. upon all new revenue we raised.

We find it difficult to understand all this sickly sentimental gush about the bugle which sounded the "Charge" at Balaclava. That charge was one of the most hideous blunders that was ever perpetrated in the history of a nation, and why those responsible for such mad folly, and for the deaths of 400 or 500 men should be handed down to posterity as heroes, is one of the

greater mysteries. Of course, it all comes of Lord Tennyson writing that poem round the affair, which shows the harm that an active Poet Laureate may do. The best thing is to consign that bugle to the dustbin. There are others in existence, and Birmingham is quite able to supply a few more, should they ever be wanted. Let us forget the massacre at Balaclava, or if we must remember it, do so with bowed head, and with respect for the poor fellows so wantonly sent to destruction.

Mr. Asquith "sees no advantage" in having the huge sums of money how in the hands of the banks in respect of dormant and obsolete accounts handed over to the Public Trustee, to be held by him until claimed by the rightful owners. We should have thought that one obvious advantage would have been that in this way many people who are entitled to funds which are at present being quite improperly withheld from them by the banks would have an opportunity of obtaining particulars of the amounts in hand; and, another, that meantime the State would have the benefit of the interest upon the money. If Mr. Asquith really cannot "see any advantage" in this, we confess that we fail to see very much advantage in having Mr. Asquith as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Asquith also hesitates to tax betting and racing on the ground that to do so "would involve, as a preliminary step, the validation of betting transactions." At the same time, he does not think that the fact that playing-cards may be used for gambling purposes "constitutes a reason for exempting them from taxation." Then what about "validating" baccarat, bridge, and poker?

Miss Robinson's confession removes the last lingering shadow of a shade of a doubt, if such a thing could exist in any human mind, after the proceedings in court, that the Druce claim on the Portland and Howard de Walden estates rests on a foundation of imposture and lies. Since the Tichborne trial there has been no such hard swearing, and one really would like to identify the fertile brain which has been at the back of it all. It seems hardly possible that even two such disciples of Ananias as Miss Robinson and Robert Caldwell could, or would, deliberately invent the yarns, at any rate, without inspiration and practical encouragement. Perhaps we may soon be permitted to know whose was the master mind.

£5,000 in cash, £600 a year, paid monthly, at the end of five years £15,000 as a further sum in cash if behaviour satisfactory, British protection for himself and his family, restoration of certain women and release of his men taken prisoners at Fez, are the terms which Raisuli has been able to exact from this country as the price of the release of Kaid Maclean. That British statesmen should not only have to parley with a Moorish brigand for the release of a Scotch Kaid in the service of a Sultan who seems to be really only half a one but should also have to find the cash to pay said brigand and, in addition, make him and his family comfy beneath the folds of the Union Jack, is an exasperation. At the earliest opportunity, therefore, we shall be delighted to know what the Government expect to get out of the deal, and from whom or what, or when, or how, they expect to get it. Muley and Kaid Maclean may be worth all the money and all the kowtow, but further and fuller evidence concerning the fact will be thankfully received.

One of the best things which has come out of Belgium for many a day is the news that M. Schollaert's new Cabinet, yielding to hard pressure from a combination of political parties, has at last compelled or persuaded King Leopold to surrender the Crown Domain in the Congo Free State, at a price. We do not know, and we do not care, what Belgium has agreed to pay to this royal rubber merchant, for if the Belgians want to rehabilitate themselves in the eyes of civilisation, any price will be cheap. The Crown Domain is one of the greatest infamies of Congo administration, and the fact that Belgium has at last got Leopold out of it, and taken it into its own care, goes a long way to justify the hope that at length the era of humanity has begun to dawn in a State where the atrocities of administration have shamed the face of the world.

Once more the dead speak to the living. This time, however, it is not Dan Leno, but the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Richard Hodgson, and Edward Gurney. This must be so, because Sir Oliver Lodge and his colleagues of the Psychical Research Society believe so. "We are like excavators boring a tunnel from opposite ends," said Sir Oliver, "and noises are beginning to be heard, now and again—the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side." To quit the figure, however, it should be made clear that Messrs. Myers, Hodgson and Gurney are not communicating with the Psychical Research Society through time and eternity by means of a pickaxe. Their messages consist of communications through two ladies who go off in a trance. As the purport of the messages is a special secret of Sir Oliver and his colleagues nobody else at present knows where Messrs. Myers, Hodgson and Gurney deceased are, or what they are doing. At least, *hardly* anybody else. For *we* know that all three of them are as dead as door nails.

It says little for Sir Oliver Lodge and the Psychical Research Society that they are able to satisfy their inquisitive minds on the subject of spooks and their doings with evidence of so little value in a court of sanity. There is nothing in the world to prevent any Tom, Dick or Harry falling, or pretending to fall, into the real or pretended trance state and declaring that he is in communication with Noah and Nebuchadnezzar. We wonder, however, what Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, for instance, would say to the evidence which so easily satisfies Sir Oliver Lodge in spiritualistic "manifestations." Put it that the evidence of a dead man was required in a will case. Would the testimony of a medium in a trance be accepted as proof of his identity? Would Sir Oliver, himself, for instance, part with any of his own property in obedience to such a direction? If so, we think we can arrange something at fairly short notice.

An idea is abroad that Army pensions are to be absorbed by the Government scheme of old-age pensions. It is somewhat difficult to see how the two can go on side by side, and beyond that the amount now voted to the Chelsea Hospital Commissioners would form a nice little nucleus for the general scheme. The Army, of course, will loudly complain, but "confiscation" will be quite easy. The pension a soldier gets cannot be demanded; it is simply an act of grace on the part of the Sovereign. There is only one point which might aid a case at law. Posters lure recruits by naming a pension among "the advantages of the Army," and that might legalise a claim. No one, of course, will regret if, in coming legislation, the soldier finds himself put on some more definite and satisfactory footing.

We are heartily in favour of the Bill just introduced into Parliament for "saving daylight." In fact, we are contemplating moving two amendments to it, providing for the addition of an hour to the day and a day to the week. Unless something of this kind is done at an early date, we shall be quite unable to catch up our arrears of work.

Of course, on its merits, the proposal is a stupid one, notwithstanding that it has the support of such a

practical politician as Lord Roberts. The idea is to make people get up earlier by pretending to alter the time of day. A contemporary calls it a "beneficial fraud," and this is how it is to be worked:

(1) At 2 a.m. on each of the four first Sunday mornings in April standard time shall advance twenty minutes.

(2) On each of the four Sundays in September standard time shall recede twenty minutes.

We are to save millions over our gas-bills and "the man who now leaves off work at 5 p.m. will find that it is only 3.40." This is just like a Tariffraff argument, for nothing is said about the other side of the medal. What about the man who gets up at five in the morning and finds it is only 3.40? Ugh! And how will the poor maid-of-all-work enjoy being routed out eighty minutes earlier than she bargained for? If people wanted to deceive themselves in this way, surely they could play with their clocks without the intervention of an Act of Parliament. Do Mr. Pearce and Lord Roberts really imagine that the whole community is going to alter its habits just because they choose to assert that mid-day is really 10.40? Take the case of railway companies. At present they have drawn up their time-tables in what they consider the most suitable form for the public convenience. Does even Lord Roberts suppose that they or the public will submit to an arbitrary alteration? All the companies would have to do would be to add or subtract twenty minutes as the case might be whenever standard time was altered by the Act. This would add considerably to the confusion, but it would have to be done. And think of the man who took a cab by the hour at 1.59 a.m on the first Sunday in April. Think also of the cabman who could only claim half-a-crown for eighty minutes' work on a Sunday night in September. Think of their language! We suppose that when Specialism comes into full play, we shall have an Act of Parliament compelling us to get up at sunrise and go to bed with the chickens.

Another cheerful proposal which has made its way into the papers is for the taxation of non-smokers. So far, no one has ventured to suggest the taxation of teetotalers, though the same argument would apply, namely, that they evade an opportunity of contributing to the national exchequer. It would also be only fair to tax people who do not play cards, use armorial bearings, write cheques, transfer stocks, take out articles of clerkship to a solicitor, keep dogs, borrow money, or import soy. What a lot of money there would be for old-age pensions if we could only institute a comprehensive system of negative taxation!

Naturally the Opposition have rejoiced abundantly over the Hereford election, while many of the Liberal editors are still looking down their noses. But when they proceed to explain that one cause of the defeat was that Captain Clive issued placards blaming the Government for putting up the price of bread, and thus frightening ignorant electors, we crave leave to suggest that the constituency elected Captain Clive because they rejoiced, like the *Daily Mail*, that the price of bread had gone up. For dear bread, according to the *Mail*, is the sign and—when stuck upon a pole and carried through the streets—the symbol, of the Millennium. And anybody with but half an eye can see by the figures that it was the Millennium the enlightened electors of Hereford voted for.

Let us recall what the *Mail* said at the time wheat was at 42s. a quarter, and the 4-lb. loaf at 6d. or 7d. We quoted its inspiring words at the time, but they are well worth repeating; being among the rarer jewellery of high political thought:

> "A continuance of present prices would mean that the acres, now counted by the million, that have gone out of cultivation in the last thirty years would be ploughed, that farmers who have now the knowledge, but *not the capital necessary* for using the new gifts of science, *would buy* the best cultivators and the best manures. The land would bring forth yearly greater and greater wealth; the tale of country employment would rise, the shopkeepers in the small agricultural towns, which depend wholly on agricultural prosperity, would restore their credit, now in many cases lamentably weak, and all trades would flourish on the foundation of our greatest industry.

We repeat, therefore, may heaven send dearer bread, especially to the electors of Ross. Heaven send 'em a ninepenny loaf, and no money in their pockets to buy it. Allah is good. Blessed be Allah!

The Blue Books just issued on the Dinizulu affair amply bear out the view we took of it from the moment the Natal Government mobilised its troops for operations against the Zulu Chief. All along we have said that the facts pointed more to a conspiracy of Natal against Dinizulu than a conspiracy of Dinizulu against Natal. The correspondence shows Lord Elgin declaring that there did not appear to be any evidence against the Zulu chief justifying warlike operations; on the contrary, that Dinizulu had over and over again expressed his willingness to surrender and face whatever charges were made against him. Yet the Natal Government went its way, proclaimed martial law, and sent its armed forces to operate in Zululand. The whole business was, of course, a fiasco, because Dinizulu surrendered without striking a blow, and not a single Zulu was found with arms.

The truth seems to be that the Natal troops went on a nigger-walloping expedition, just as the notorious Dr. Jim went on his Boer-walloping expedition. A little group of Johannesburg money-grabbers arranged the march on Johannesburg under the lying pretence that the lives of English women and children were in danger. In a similar way, the Natal Government have probably been egged on to their colossal outrage on the Zulus by a group of speculators who want to smash up the chieftainships and grab the land for purposes of exploitation. The only difference between the Jameson raid and the military operations in Natal is that one was the audacious enterprise of private filibusters, and the other was the audacious enterprise of official filibusters. Now, when Dinizulu is supposed to be on trial, the reports are carefully censored before being sent to this country, but what has come through is more than sufficient to excite the suspicion we have previously expressed, that the evidence against him is a fake and the proceedings a farce. He was convicted before the legal proceedings against him commenced, and he will probably be sentenced before they are concluded.

A gross miscarriage of justice was recalled in a recent case. A man went abroad and sent his wife a weekly remittance of £2 15s., or some such sum. She had a frugal mind, like Mrs. Gilpin, and in the course of about three years contrived to save something over £100. We can imagine all the pinching and daily privation which must have been necessary to accumulate the little nest-egg. Also the misplaced joy with which she watched the growth of her hoard. Now, however, the husband has returned and sued her for the amount, and an unjust judge has decided that the remittances sent to her were only trust-money held on behalf of the husband. If she had not stinted herself, he would have had no claim against her, but, as it is, he can take away all the fruits of her self-denial and carouse at her expense. No wonder the Suffragettes continue to suff!

We are pleased to say that since our strictures on the overcrowding of music halls, the Theatres Committee of the L.C.C. have proposed a regulation which goes

far in the direction we have indicated as the way of public safety. A memorial from the managers of the London variety theatres has already been presented against it, but we trust that the new regulation will be adopted and stringently enforced by the Council. Will the Theatres Committee now examine the fastenings of exit doors, which in many cases are so complicated that nobody not connected with the staff can readily undo them in case of a rush? Every door opening upon the street should be available for exit at any time during a performance.

Young Victor Grayson tells us that, after his rec nt speech advising starving people to help themselves, he received at the House of Commons these two sketches:

The sketches are clever—but the artist forgets that Victor may have been wrongly reported. It must be remembered that the pressmen and he have had a little difference—over a bottle!

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers are drawn.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received:—

Mr. J. S. LEWIS, 13, Brynhenlog, Tylorstown, Glam. (No. 105749, December, 28th, 1907).

Mr. JOHN NICOL, 1, Eversleigh Road, Lavender Hill, S.W. (No. 88737, December 28th, 1907).

Mr. N. LAXON, 44, Webster Street, Coventry (No. 68318, December 28th, 1907).

Mr. G. N. WAUGH, 17, Church Lane, Whitechapel, E. (No. 82329, December 21st, 1907).

Mr. HENRY R. SCOPES, Coombe View, Thundersley, Essex (No. 72053, December 7th, 1907).

Mr. C. S. HASEMER, 30, Cawley Road, Victoria Park, N.E. (No. 52649, January 4th, 1908).

Mr. A. ROWLAND, 15, Station Road, Redhill, Surrey (No. 47982, January 4th, 1908).

Mr. W. WILKINSON, 59, Chaucer Road, Forest Gate, E. (No. 10602, January 4th, 1908).

Mr. W. H. DOBSON, 27, Briscoe Road, Collier's Wood, Merton (No. 18607, January 4th, 1908).

Mrs. E. A. HOLLINGDALE, 79, Coventry Road, Ilford, Essex (No. 111174, January 4th, 1908).

Rev. WM. EVANS-JONES, Llanllyfni Rectory, Penygroes, North Wales (No. 111669, January 4th, 1908).

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 11th:—

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5261	45189	58800	77123	106934
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14162	52890	65928	89058	111708
20882	53201	67751	89170	112782
26276	53604	70770	94721	112783

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MARCH 21ST (PUBLISHED MARCH 19TH).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For saying that Sailor Lad "is the son of a Derby, and the daughter of an Oaks and St. Leger winner,"
"HOTSPUR" OF THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For concluding the report of a "murderous attack on a Rabbi" with the following paragraph, "Result:—Motherwell, two goals; Third Lanark, one goal,"
THE *EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the Tzar gave his little son a Christmas present of a wonderful toy train, which "is an exact model of the Imperial railway station at Tsarskos Selo,"
THE *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that at the anniversary of the South Street Primitive Methodist Men's Bible Class "four male members of the choir sang a duet,"
THE *YEOVIL LEADER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a prisoner "wore a white turned down collar instead of a soft shirt,"
THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in his "Rambling Recollections" that the Borough of Christchurch in his time contained about 1,600 electors, but has now, he believes, almost as many thousands,
SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the Honourable William Peel, who was born in 1866, is now "only thirty-six,"
THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising the feeding time of "Leadbetter's Magnificent Wild Animals" with the invitation "bring all your little ones,"
THE MANAGERS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Tom Burrows swung a pair of clubs continually for 61 hours 30 minutes on September 5th and 6th, 1906, at Capetown,"
THE EDITOR OF *THE WEEK*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing a sale of horses belonging to "Mrs. Kepwort, who is giving up hunting, and many other gentlemen,"
THE *LIVE-STOCK JOURNAL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the arrow of the weathercock "always points away from the direction in which the wind is blowing,"
LLOYD'S NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "it is quite within the power of the Unionist Party to force a dissolution this year if they wish,"
THE PEOPLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "only yesterday" a girl came to him in his capacity as a public letter writer and commissioned him to write a letter to her lover, with whom she had had a quarrel, and that the result was that "they were married within a month,"
A WRITER IN *ANSWERS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the Lords' debate on the Indians in the Transvaal: "Two forces are pulling in opposite directions. It is the duty of the Government to reconcile them so that they DO NOT CLASH,"
LORD CURZON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE DUBLIN CASTLE FARCE.

By an Irishman.

The amazing attempt to socially execute Sir Arthur Vicars in order to shield a person in high station deserves, as sooner or later it will assuredly receive, complete exposure. Having failed to condemn Sir Arthur by their charges of negligence in the care of the jewels, the Lord-Lieutenant and his satellites charge it against him that he kept company with "an undesirable person," and they say that this person, whom he had taken on as an official, was a man "of very bad character." If the name of the "very bad character" and the office he holds were mentioned it would set all England gabbling with surprise. Sir Arthur's defence to the attack is that the person in question belongs to a high-class English family, that he believed him to be an honourable gentleman of means, and that his ordinary conduct did not invite suspicion.

Anybody who has attended at the functions in Dublin Castle must be amazed at the Viceregal taunt that Sir Arthur Vicars was acquainted with a person who was not above suspicion, since the persons bidden to levée, drawing-room, and ball, are plentifully besprinkled with individuals whom the real gentry would not rub shoulders with, and hence the fact that such of the aristocracy as are left, and the genuine society people, would no more dream of attending the Castle than an English lord would of going to a penny gaff in the East End when hankering after amusement. For this reason, Irish society would like to see Dublin Castle, so far as the Viceregal side is concerned, done away with. It is called a "court"; but it is more in the nature of a place resorted to by very shoddy people who go after free viands and to show off dress and baubles, and to chatter and get such "tone" as is reaped from the attendance list which is published in the newspapers.

During the progress of a drawing-room, or a ball, the State apartments are so many beautiful rooms filled with people in renovated finery, and glittering, so far as the females are concerned, with paste jewellery. The place is the home of buffoonery, and the thoughtful person who has a respect for "blood," and for the dignity that should surround a "court," feels sad when he sees what there is to be seen, and gets hold of a living "Who's Who" who can tell him all about many of the people present. He discovers that entrée to Dublin Castle is ridiculously easy; that the newly-rich nobody who wants to enter society has but to put down a sum to an impecunious dowager who is on the list in order to be presented. Antecedents do not count, and it is only when a particularly flagrant case of the introduction of an undesirable is noised abroad at five o'clock teas in the city, that the lady who introduced the offensive party gets a hint that she must be more careful in future. You learn to your amazement that the bulk of the people present in their fine clothing are not by any means gentry—that the publican (in the ordinary sense) and sinner are free to enter if they can prevail upon anybody to introduce them; that this young fellow in velvet is but a small clerk who cannot or will not pay his debts; that the fellow beside him is a scapegrace who gives a poor but respectable father much trouble; that many of the charming young ladies rejoice in what is called a past, and that their characters have been pulled to pieces over and over again by their acquaintances over the cup that cheers and privately over the other cup. Time was when the court was a real court, attended by the nobility and the aristocracy. But now these classes have fled the country in droves, and the remainder will not attend the Castle, because in order to have long lists of guests, that indicate popularity, the Viceroys of past Parliaments have gone out into the highways and byways and bidden all comers whose characters are not altogether too moth-eaten to enter and partake of the feast.

The Castle levée is fairly respectable. It is merely a reception with no viands provided. Hence it is not run after by the free-fooders. There you meet the professional gentleman and the fellow who is above reproach, and a tremendous crush of officers in the Irish command, regular and militia. They are drummed up by their commanding officers and ordered to go; but your officer votes a levée a "filthy nuisance." He has to dress for it, and often to pay his fare from a far-distant station and for his keep when in town. The crowd mass in an outer room, and in the course of time, are admitted to an inner apartment, where in single file they pass by the Viceroy, who trics not to look bored, and then pass into another room and down the stairs to quit the precincts of the Castle. A dreary thing is a levée; but it is, as I have said, an averagely respectable function.

Now come along to a drawing-room. Having got in and joined the mob, in the course of time and after a squash which annoys the ladies, and evokes remarks more or less whispered that suggest that those who utter them have not been trained in the school of gentility, you get into the main apartment and "pass the presence." Then into Saint Patrick's Hall, where "the fun begins." A board is laid the full length of one side of the room, and on it are spread eatables and drinkables, expensive and good, or inexpensive and decidedly bad, according to the taste of the Viceroy who is in power. Some recent Viceroys put up champagne that never saw a vineyard, and gave headaches, and was contained in bottles that were undecorated with labels. Dudley provided the best Perrier Jouet of the choicest vintage in lavish quantities. Dudley's functions were great crushes; those of parsimonious Viceroys were boycotted more or less when the guests felt that the bad "champagne" was a plain hint prepared for them.

Along the table is a crowd six deep. The inner line eat like labour-saving machines, and lower the liquids as fast as the waiters can fill them out. When they have been thoroughly saturated, they make way for the second line, intending to return when their appetites come back to them. Meanwhile, the outer lines shout out their requirements, and fight over the heads of the others to have them supplied. Early comers have the best of it; late arrivals are left out in the cold. The whole crowd resembles a queue of London's starving ones worrying to get food at a relief station. By-and-bye bright eyes and unsteady gaits and thick voices show that you can go to that table and do as these "society" people are doing, and come away in a condition that a policeman would, with alacrity, swear was not distinctly sober. The unsteadiness and other things are not left entirely to the men. How ungallant and mean a fellow feels when he has to write it; but it must be done. Many of the ancient dowagers and their marriageable daughters display the same merry mood. One of the former at my last drawing-room gave ample visible evidence that she had overrated her capacity for refreshment, and when she got over a matter that chiefly concerned herself personally and physically, she was assisted from the Castle.

Here is an elevated seat where we can sit and watch the scene. The first thing that strikes you is that the people who loan out second-hand clothing in the city of Dublin must drive a roaring trade. This is painfully evident in the fit of most of the court suits worn by the men. As for the ladies, many of the dresses have been handed down from mother to daughter, and many others have been "handed down" by persons not related to the wearers. Here is one of the Castle gossips—there are dozens of them, old habituées who never miss a function. She is willing to tell us all about as many as she knows in the room, and she gloats over the telling. Pointing with her closed fan she says, "Oh, just think of it. See that man over there—that man by the pillar holding his finger to his chin. Good gracious! And that lady beside him. They are by way of being man and wife; but there hangs a tale." Then in a whisper, "Notorious blackmailers, my dear.

Had many victims; but when they tackled the Duke of ——— they were given the tip by the police to clear out, and they did. Didn't know they were back. How on earth *did* they return to the Castle?

"My, my, she's got in at last! That woman over there with a palpable wig. Wife of a notorious money-lender and usurer! She's been trying to get in for severals seasons, and at last she has succeeded. Wonder who introduced her? Won't it be a good joke when her husband's customers here see her, and when others read her name in the presentation list! That person over there so low-cut is the daughter of a successful publican. Used to serve in the bar, poor girl; but since they got on she was sent for education. Oh, oh! Here he is again. That chap with the pointed grey beard. He was a captain in the Navy and was dismissed. Horrible scandal. Was told off to stop a slave trade or something like that; but it was found that he was making something out of the trade himself. Cashiered and broke. Then came here and lived any way until he picked up his wife—might be his mother. But she had money. Now, my dear, she thinks she's a leader in society, and nothing will do her but call her husband 'the Major,' if you please, although he was never inside a barrack gate, and wouldn't know a horse soldier from an infantryman."

And so on she rambles as you listen to her and turn your eyes to the object of her remarks, and watch that crowd along the table eating and drinking as if their lives depended upon it. At last the Viceregal procession passes through the hall by way of saying good-night, the band plays "God save the King," most of the lights are lowered as a hint that it is time for the guests to go home to bed after the buffoonery and the battle of the viands. But the hint is not taken. More free things are on the table, and they must be demolished.

We ask our obliging gossip why, if so many of the Castle guests are so shady, the police element does not figure at the functions. She explains that that end of the thing is not neglected. A dozen or more of the well-set-up men in velvet court suits are not society ornaments, but members of the detective division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police told off to keep their eyes upon the knick-knacks in the sitting-rooms, to which the guests have access.

This is a Dublin Castle function, and these the people bidden to pay homage to the Viceroy and his wife. And yet the Lord-Lieutenant dismisses Vicars because he "was known to know an undesirable character"! What weapons are laid to the hands of the socialist and the republican!

"THE PRIEST AND THE GIRL."

Under this title, and in our issue of December 28th, 1907, there appeared an article dealing with the detention of a young girl named Holliday in a penitentiary. In the earlier part of the article it was mentioned that Canon St. John, of St. George's Cathedral, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., had at one time given the parents of the girl a letter of introduction to a Rescue Society, and that was the only reference—and it was certainly not of an unkindly or discourteous character—to Canon St. John in the article. But in reading it, and having regard more especially to the title and our poster, which we admit were open to misconstruction, Canon St. John considered that we attributed to him responsibility for events upon which we commented with severity. The moment this opinion of the Canon was brought to our notice, we made it plain—see our issue of January 4th last—that we had no intention of attaching responsibility in the matter to the Canon, or suggesting that the part he had played in it was other than what one might expect from a priest worthy of the name. But Canon St. John remains of the opinion that, whatever our meaning and intention, readers might put a defamatory construction on our words, and we therefore beg to say as plainly as we can that we had no thought of suggesting blameworthy intention or action in so far as Canon St. John was concerned, and we regret that a somewhat misleading title should have led him to think differently.

MR. HUNNABLE MAKES OVERTURES TO "JOHN BULL"

We give below an exact copy of a remarkable letter which we have received from the eminent Mr. Hunnable:—

When I looked at one of JOHN BULL's adverts which stand out on the hoarding's in blazing contrast to others—I was struck with interest.

First with the gentlemanly figure of John.

Secondly the word's what you read in JOHN BULL is so. If this had been an advert of many other Journals I should have been inclined to exclaim——. Anyway I thought I would take the Bull by the horn's & scrutinise. Even you my noble John must be barred from doing many things. If all you print is so for instance you could not verbatim reports of political meetings unless it was at one of mine? & still display your bold adverts with truthfullness

Another valuable item you would be barred from your reporter could not have given a clear & concised account of the doings of the so called Labour parliament held in Hull without showing what is so is not so.

One day they voted nine to one against Socialism. The next snap they had at it, they twist it about. The day after they go holeousboleous for Socialism or Foolhardyism.

We are often assured that these gallent men do not believe plural voting. Yet the votes of these deligates count by the multitude & in the state of their fickle changing mind they cannot represent more than a section of the Unions they represent.

Then again you would be barred from printing many sermond's that are preached. If you would print what is is so. I might go on but there. If you are barred from these things there is still a big field of usefullness open to you by the promised that you would pay my Election expences if I would contest a seat in Birmingham.

If you will extend your Sporting offer I can assure you that your money will be better spent.

I know where I can win a seat which if won & you pay the returning officers fee's the Electors would hold you in remembrance for time beyond concieveable thought for paving the way for them to have a Member of my calibre & the nation will be ready to Crown you with glory that would represent the whole constituantcey, and the House of Commons would then be adorned with a Member that would say that what is so, and what should be done shall be done.

I would also interest your reader's in return indebtedness to you by contributing a regular supply of my Tit-Whits, say one or two column.

I have another novel suggestion I shall be prepared to take up if you wish in the nature of a quick change System of Questions and Answers to Immitate the way questions are often put to me and answered at my meetings.

I would offer a prize to the person that would ask a question of any form of modern wisdom that did not recive an immediate satisfactary answer. The system would be for JOHN BULL to publish the number of my telephone & at a given time a reporter sit at the phone to receive questions & repeat them to me & I give the answer any questioner might ring me up & each one taken in turn up to a given number each week. The questioner would first say Hunnable JOHN BULL then give his name & address & put the question.

The questioner could regester his own time in receiving an answere & be checked with the reporter a prize might be given to the smartest questioner.

These questions & answer's would be printed in following number of JOHN BULL each week. Trusting JOHN BULL will be as bold to speak as the average englishman is to swank.

MESSRS. LIPTONS have been appointed tea, coffee, and cocoa merchants to Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy.

DON'T MISS THIS.—IT WILL PAY YOU.—If you want to buy Watches, Clocks, or Jewellery at a great reduction, visit Saqui and Lawrence at once before sale ends; genuine discount of 4s. in the £ off marked prices. 28 to 31, Liverpool Street; 84, Strand: 97, Fleet Street; 276-277, Pentonville Road; and Piccadilly Circus (opposite "The Criterion"), London.—[Advt.]

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Cheaper Theatre.

It would be rash to conclude that Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton have a good idea in their scheme for a theatre of cheap—or cheaper seats. So many schemes that look good on their face prove unpractical or disastrous when brought into contact with theatrical tradition or prejudice and hard facts. Take the case of the Repertory and Matinée system which Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker tried to establish, first at the Court Theatre and then at the Savoy. After three or four years of intermittent prosperity and depression the Vedrenne-Barker partnership will come to an end next month. Why? Mr. Barker was asked the question, and his reply was evasive—as it had a perfect right to be.

The Vedrenne-Barker Scheme.

"The partnership was started," said Mr. Barker, in effect, "because Mr. Vedrenne and I thought we would start it; it is dissolved because we so will it." The fact of the matter is that it did not pay. I do not say that it did not pay its way; it did. But the profit was ridiculously small in proportion to the amount of ability, time, and work put into the scheme. It may have given a living wage to everyone concerned; it offered no margin either for those "contingencies" inseparable from theatrical speculation, or for an old-age pension to the managers. In short, it was not worth the candle.

A Gallant Effort.

Now, the Court Theatre experiment started under the most encouraging circumstances that ever attended a theatrical venture in London. Only two points were against it—the supposed inconvenient situation of the house, and its lack of success during some years previously. On the other hand the rent was low, the Press gave the scheme thousands of pounds' worth of free advance publicity, the advertising bill was cut to a minimum, owing to the savour of culture that was wafted round about the Court by the superior critics, the best of our young actors and actresses were willing to appear in the Barker-Vedrenne matinées at nominal salaries, the leading West End managers "lent" artistes in the finest spirit of camaraderie, and the expenses of "production" were small. In addition, Messrs. Barker and Vedrenne had the co-operation of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who had just been setting the Hudson River on fire, and was the most booming dramatist of the hour. Every wind may be said to have been favourable; yet Mr. Vedrenne worked himself into a serious illness, trying to do the impossible—to run an unsubsidised theatre, where art took precedence of commerce—and Mr. Barker admits that the pace was too rapid to last.

The Glorious Uncertainty.

The dissolution of the Barker-Vedrenne partnership may or may not be an argument in favour of the Municipal or State Endowment of the Stage (an impossible proposal so long as we have a Nonconformist Conscience, even were it practical apart from this menace); it certainly adds another to the stock of conservative managerial arguments. The managers of London, if one discusses the drama with them quietly, out of the limelight and off the platform, will admit its defects as freely as you or I. But they will add that, under present conditions, they make it as good as the public will let them; as good as the public will not merely stand but pay to see. They will tell you that it is a mistake to suppose that there is any large number of Londoners who really care for the Higher Drama. If there had been as many as some of us have hoped and believed, it is difficult to think that the Vedrenne-Barker arrangement would have been allowed to drop. Superficially, the principle of the venture looks very sound.

No Long Runs.

"We admit," said the promoters, "that there is no hope of a profitable long run for a play that appeals to the intellect only, or primarily. But if all the people who like such plays will take the trouble to come a little out from central London and to patronise the plays during a limited number of performances, such plays can be produced on commercial terms—or, if not quite that, with the possibility of a fair balance on the right side, assuming strict economy in management." This credible hope has proved illusory. The higher his dramatic taste, apparently, the slower the playgoer is to pay up promptly. "The Christian," and similar "twaddle," draw huge houses full for hundreds of nights on end. "The Voysey Inheritance," to mention one fine Court-Savoy Vedrenne-Barker production, just and hardly clears its cost.

This Way to Carey Street.

Half-a-dozen bodies of prattling persons meet on Sunday nights and other occasions, sign petitions, and generally kick up a rumpus about "the Drama," with a big, big D. Yet to follow the dictates of these coteries unflinchingly would mean to the average manager probably Carey Street at an early date; certainly "the house" at the last. Messrs. Barker and Vedrenne are having no more of it, and they are quite right. The theatre in England is essentially a house of commerce, a speculation, not a palace of art (except by accident), whatever it may be in some other countries. Those of us who know a little of the inside history of the London theatres are inclined sometimes to marvel that the managers do the thing so well as they do, when the temptation so often is to do it as badly as it can be done.

Oscar Asche's Scheme.

That is why, at the outset, I refused to commit myself to prophesy on the subject of the Asche-Brayton scheme for cheapening the cost of theatre-going in London. I think theatre-going in London is too dear; I believe that, if prices all round were brought down, by common consent of the managers and landlords and leaseholders (which is not at all likely), the industry might benefit generally in the end. But I do not know for certain that it would; and I am coy in forecasts of the results of any theatrical experiment. True, at the Lyceum, the lower-price plan has been successful, but there were special reasons for this in the type of play staged, and the sort of playgoer catered for. The market for the Lyceum drama new-style is not unlimited; and Mr. Asche and Miss Brayton know that. Shortly, a Shakespearean revival—"Romeo and Juliet"—is to be done at the Lyceum under Carpenter-Smith auspices.

Hall Caine v. Bacon.

I shall be interested to see whether Immortal William can keep his end up with the lower middle-classes as well as (presumably) Mortal Hall did. If he does, that will be an encouragement to the Asche-Brayton venture—although it will prove very little. Since the Lyceum was re-opened, I understand, there has been trouble with the ticket-booking agencies, who refused to handle five-shilling stalls; and the contracts for most of the London theatres specifically prohibit the lowering of prices by managers—which shows what the vested interests think of the cheaper seat idea.

An Analogy.

I have said before and I say again that the theatre business is the most anomalous of all businesses. If I want a hat, I go to a shop where they have for sale all sorts and sizes—straws from a shilling or two, felts from two or three half-crowns, toppers up to a couple of guineas. I do not pay the same for a machine-made Luton straw as for a Panama, for a knock-about bowler as for a high-stepping silk. So is it in every other branch of trade. If an article is not going well at 10s. 6d., the public is lured on by a ticket marked "Original Price 12s. 6d.; during sale 1s. 6d.," or what not. When you come to the playhouse, however, you must abandon all hope of being treated on ordinary commercial lines—commerce though the traffic is you find there and little else. For a twopenny-ha'penny farce, the whole of the actors in which do not cost fifty pounds a week, at a grubby theatre that is the last word in discomfort, you are asked to put down just as much as you have to pay to see, say, a beautiful production like "The Beloved Vagabond" (which all my readers should make a point of seeing) or a first-rate comedy and a front-rank cast at the St. James's.

P.

"THE HISTORIANS' HISTORY OF THE WORLD."

Hitherto it has been very difficult, if not impossible, for the ordinary English reader, acquainted only with his own language, to possess himself of an adequate history of any foreign country. To take the nearest to us, France. Where is he to find such a history? The *Times*' "Historians' History of the World" goes far to supply the want. It is a remarkable compilation, marvellously cheap, having regard to the mammoth proportions of the work.

The Times

describes its new publication

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All adequate world history must be impartial. But it is well-nigh impossible for any single historian to free himself from the various kinds of bias—patriotic, political, educational, theological—which insensibly colour his views. A high standard of critical impartiality can only be attained by the co-operative effort of such a cosmopolitan group of scholars as are responsible for The Historians' History of the World. Test the scrupulous impartiality of the work at our expense, by accepting our offer of free examination.

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The Times has long contended that books are too dear. It demonstrates this by selling The Historians' History of the World at 7s. 6d. per volume, though each volume contains four times as much as the average book at 7s. 6d., and compares favourably in paper, print, and binding with guinea books.

The price of a new book is determined by three factors, which depend respectively on the capital outlay, the cost of manufacture, and the publisher's profit. There is a generic difference between the old and new methods of treating capital outlay. Publishers insist on recovering their whole capital outlay by the sale of a small edition at a high price. We prefer to distribute the capital outlay over the whole sale of the work. This sale we estimate as not less than 50,000 sets, whereas no publisher would issue a first edition of more than 10,000 sets at the outside. Thus we diminish the Capital Factor by at least four-fifths, besides making the first edition the cheapest. The Production Factor, which is the actual cost of manufacturing each volume, is similarly reduced by the expectation of a large sale, permitting considerable economies in printing, binding, and the price of raw materials. The Profit Factor can also be reduced by preferring a small profit per volume on a large sale to a large profit per volume on a small sale.

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IF I WERE PRIME MINISTER.—III.

By Horatio Bottomley.

Some Criticisms.

Considering the impudence of the supposition, my two articles have been very well received. Of course, in the House I have been freely chaffed, and many members have applied for posts in my Ministry. But, on the other hand, a great amount of serious criticism has reached me.

Income Tax Graduation.

Several correspondents wonder whether by exempting all incomes under £200 and then beginning with only a penny in the £, I would ultimately get the yield up to fifty millions against the present thirty, or thereabouts, without making the tax on the larger incomes altogether too heavy. Others question the justice of exempting up to £200. On the first point, my reply is that 2s. 6d. in the £ is the maximum tax I should require, and that only on incomes exceeding £20,000. I observe, by the way, that Mr. Chiozza Money in his suggested scale ("Riches and Poverty") stops short at 1s. 8d. in the £ on incomes exceeding £25,000, but that would mean a total yield of only forty millions, or about 5d. in the £ on the nation's total income. And that won't do. He is also, in my judgment, too hard on incomes up to £1,000; whilst he would make the man with £10,000 pay only 2d. in the £ more than the man with £2,500, and the man with £25,000 only 2d. more than the man with £5,000. I would, after reaching 1s. in the £ on £10,000 incomes, increase the tax 1d. in the £ on every additional £1,000 till I reached £20,000, and after that I would have one uniform tax of 2s. 6d. in the £. After all, a man with an income of £25,000 or £50,000 a year gets a lot more protection from the State than the ordinary citizen, and he can well afford to pay for it.

With regard to exempting incomes under £200, I think that sum represents a minimum at which the State should be content to take what it gets in indirect taxation from people with small incomes—on beer, tobacco, wine, spirits, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, and all the rest of it.

The Employment Tax.

Many ask me whether, in the event of the Chancellor of the Exchequer adopting my suggestion and imposing a tax of 1d. in the £ upon all wages and salaries paid by employers, the incidence of the tax would not in the end fall upon the employees, by being deducted from the wages and salaries. My reply is that that is entirely a matter for the Trades Unions to settle—with the assistance, perhaps, of a little clause in the Finance Act.

Betting and Racing Taxes.

Wouldn't this mean the "validating" of betting transactions? I suppose I ought really to have put a note of exclamation! My answer is, No, not any more than the taxation of playing cards means the validating of baccarat. Have you never heard of the *Pari-mutuel*, or, as they call it in the Colonies, the Totalisator? Come, my good Tariff Reformers, why should the foreigner tax your betting whilst he is allowed to come here and own and back a Derby winner, free?

Post Office Voting.

Everyone seems to like this idea, but they doubt its practicability. "Personation" is their bogey. But my Certificate of Citizenship will get over that. Photograph and signature will constitute a double check in any case of suspicion. And the Certificate would have many other advantages—well balancing its small cost. Amongst other things, it would, by means of endorsement, provide a convenient record of a man's misdeeds, certain offences acting as a suspension of the Certificate.

Proportional Representation.

The Hon. Secretary of the Proportional Representation Society asks me, "What is the use of appealing to the electorate if our voting methods are such that there is no guarantee whatever that the wishes of the electors as expressed at the poll will find a corresponding expression within the walls of the House of Commons?" Of course, as an abstract proposition, the question is unanswerable, but might not it apply with equal force to any system of so-called Proportional Representation? Little countries and young Colonies are of no use as guides in such a matter. The interests of the British people are very diverse—London alone being an artificial collection of several distinct communities; and, on the whole, whilst recognising its many anomalies, I am at present disposed to think that the existing system of Parliamentary constituencies—subject to periodical revision—works best. But I am open to be converted.

Obsolete Bank Balances.

Much regret is expressed at the reply of Mr. Asquith to my suggestion on this subject. Of course, the State at present "has no claim" to these vast sums—any more than before the Bankruptcy Act it had any right to the unclaimed dividends and other funds in the hands of private trustees. But a short Act would soon put that right, and the annual interest on the fund would run into a few millions.

On the whole, I am well satisfied if my rough suggestions should lead people to think a little more than they have done about these things. After all, nowadays, Chancellors of the Exchequer don't move in advance of public opinion. But if we live another twenty-five years we shall smile at the timidity and convention which to-day prevents thirty millions a year from finding their way into the national Treasury; keeps half the male adult population and the whole of the female outside the franchise; allows profitable public work to remain undone whilst thousands of willing workers are clamouring for employment; keeps a million paupers permanently on the rates, and condemns the aged poor, however respectable, to make their choice between the workhouse and the grave. In the words of the poster, It don't seem right to me.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS—XVII.

We have received the following letter. Apparently the writer belongs to the class without "grit."

I have not had any regular employment for over twelve months, although my parents gave me a good education, and I gradually worked my way up from the bottom to a fair position as commercial traveller on the South Coast. I was overcome by illness, and lost my business. I tried over and over again to recover myself, and the consequence was, *I have run into debt*, and although I have tried to get on, I have gone deeper and deeper into the mire, and now *I am outcast*. If I try to get work, those I apply to are warned that "*I am in debt.*" I have offered to work for those whom I owe money to. I have said, "Get me work and I will pay you." But—no! They summons me in the County Court; they get committal orders against me. I have four hanging over my head now, each 4s. per month or 30 days.

I have appealed for help and work, but all to no effect. I am also an artist, and have done pictures which people have told me ought to get me a living; but when I offer them I am told oil paintings are no use, and I have pawned them for a shilling or two for food. My clothes are all pawned with the exception of those I stand up in, my overcoat is gone, and my wife is now under the doctor. I have not wronged any man, I can truthfully say, but I am in debt *for the necessities* of life, and they take my character away. I have sold *for a mere song* things out of my home, until I have now nothing to sell that would fetch 5s., and I suppose my landlord will turn me out because I owe a month's rent. My money has gone, my goods have gone, and I am helpless, and they now want to commit me *because I cannot pay*. I have done my best and *gone under*. I am willing to work. I can be successful as a traveller. I am a typist. I am an artist. I am only 35. *Is there no hope?* All because I have had illness and misfortune which has landed me *in debt*. Surely this is no crime.

"THE 20th CENTURY DISEASE" AND ITS STRANGE SYMPTOMS.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIDOTE FOR "NERVOUS ASTHENIA."

THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN CONGRATULATES THE DISCOVERER.

Dr. A. Kuhner, the well-known German nerve specialist, has just written a remarkable treatise on the subject of the disease that bids fair to be known as "The Twentieth Century Disease."

The extraordinary feature of this rapidly-spreading complaint is that it may exist in a man or woman apparently strong and healthy in every other respect. So subtle, indeed, is this disease in its earlier stages that the victim himself may be actually unconscious of it. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of its distressing later stages of development.

Beginning with the apparently trivial symptomatic condition of "sensitiveness" or "nervousness" (or "touchiness," as the victim's candid friends may describe it), the disease may, if neglected or encouraged in its development, progress through some of the following serious stages :—

Sensitiveness

Restlessness | Irritability

Melancholia | Nervousness | Pessimism

Hysteria | Fearfulness | Inaptitude for Steady Work | Dizziness

Memory Weakness | Weak Will Power | Lack of Mental Clarity

Brain Fag | Insomnia

Mental Derangement

Suicidal Tendency

The ever-increasing number of suicides in which "Death from unknown causes" is the common but enigmatical verdict is proof of the diabolically stealthy progress of this disease.

Seven out of every ten indoor workers are stated to be more or less affected by the disease, especially men and women whose duties call for intense mental concentration. Doctors have diagnosed it as Business Nerves and House Nerves in the case of women.

DR. KUHNER'S TREATISE.

Happily, preventive medical skill is much more up-to-date than it was even so recently as when influenza first raged as an epidemic. To-day medical science has "scotched," if it has not entirely killed, influenza, though only after it had carried off tens of thousands to too early graves. And to-day medical skill has already found its antidote for "Nervous Asthenia," or "Neurasthenia." Dr. Kuhner generously pays tribute in his treatise to its discovery by a professional confrère, a Dr. Karl Hartmann, whose discovery bears the appropriate name of "Antineurasthin."

The most extraordinary testimony as to the value of the discovery is already being published in the medical and public Press.

His Holiness the Pope's Physician-in-Ordinary, Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, of Rome, writes :—

"I made trials in my private practice of 'Antineurasthin,' and shall prescribe it henceforward, as it is an admirable agent for toning and strengthening the nervous system. I take the liberty of congratulating you on your discovery."

Similar unqualified approval of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin" has been received from other very high quarters, as may be seen in Dr. Kuhner's medical treatise.

INTRODUCTION OF DISCOVERY INTO ENGLAND.

The success of "Antineurasthin" as the antidote to nervous asthenia is based on Dr. Hartmann's discovery of the importance of the brain and spinal marrow as the central station of the nervous system. Dr. Hartmann has shown that nervousness, nervous debility, neurasthenia, etc., do not represent conditions of debility of the nerve fibres themselves, but of the brain and spinal marrow. In further explanation of the wonderful effect of "Antineurasthin," it may be pointed out that it is not a drug, but the brain and nerve-substance-forming essentials of certain selected foods. Myeline (or Lecithine) is the scientific name for this brain-and-nerve-building constituent of our daily food.

Now, one of those lingering popular fallacies which yet have a modicum of truth at their base is that fish food strengthens the brain. This it does, but only to about the same extent (and less than some) as other articles of diet.

Though we know that insufficient food, or a dietary deficient in certain nutrients, allows the body and brain to fall into a state of weakness, yet, on the other hand, the body, brain and nerves cannot be strengthened, either as a whole or in part, beyond the limits set by the food appropriative capacity of the system.

NINE-TENTHS OF VITAL POWER.

It is not continual overloading of the stomach with the finest "Dover soles" or richest foods that will build up additional brain and nerve strength.

No less than nine-tenths of vital power is exhausted by life's primary processes of assimilation and elimination, but the demand on brain-workers to-day creates a more or less continual overdraft on the nine-tenths proportion of life's capital required for the current working expenses of the body.

Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin" is a scientific extract-compound from those articles of food richest in the lecithinic, or brain and nerve-building constituents.

The value of Dr. Hartmann's discovery lies in the scientific fact that "Antineurasthin" is not a mere body and brain food. It is a brain and nerve food solely, and as such is distinctly assimilable by the brain and nervous system. Hence it supplies the want long-sufferingly felt by those whose work in life entails an undue cerebral-nervous demand on the common fund of vital power.

Dr. Hartmann's discovery is one that should personally and very deeply interest brain-workers in all walks of life. Every day is heard and seen all too serious evidences of the undue strain of their intense work on the vital power of the body. And now, on the highest possible authority, it is heralded that science has proved equal to the stern necessity which demanded the discovery of "Antineurasthin"—the brain and nerve food.

UNDUE CEREBRAL-NERVOUS DEMAND.

Those of our readers who occupy responsible positions in life know only too well what a near-to-breaking strain is imposed by the incandescent-like intensity called for in their work, and the more self-sacrificing and intense the worker, the greater is the expenditure of the "burning coal" of the cerebro-neural force. Even the most virile and brilliant men have been known to sink into utter exhaustion immediately "the labour's o'er." Nothing but the white-hot intensity of will and purpose has preserved the brilliant mentality tension of the earnest speaker or worker until his task was done.

No longer need the brain-worker struggle on under the cloud of fear of failing powers of brain and body. He or she may, by including "Antineurasthin" as an article vitally necessary in the daily dietary, maintain that perfect balance of mental and physical power which alone can uphold health and happiness.

For greater convenience "Antineurasthin" is compressed into small tablets, and although its beneficial effect on the brain and senses is so immediate, yet there is none of the depressing reaction that follows the administration of artificial drug "stimulants," "Antineurasthin" being a special brain and nerve nutrient and not a brain and nerve irritant.

This new nerve food comes with hearty commendation from many scientists, and since its introduction into England a short time ago it has already alleviated much suffering—curing most severe headaches, acute neuralgia, and sciatica, whilst even cases of creeping paralysis and brain concussion have been treated with complete success.

Space does not now allow further information respecting this marvellous 20th-century brain and nerve food discovery, but readers may like to know that they may obtain a copy of Dr. Kuhner's remarkable treatise, as well as a trial supply of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin," by merely making written application therefor to the Antineurasthin Co., 41 Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C. Two penny stamps should be enclosed for postage.

The effect even of the trial supply offered to readers will come as a revelation of the possibilities of modern scientific building up of the brain and nerve-cells. The above offer of a supply of "Antineurasthin" for personal trial purposes is one that should be immediately accepted by every brain-worker, as well as by every reader conscious of some form of weakness of the nervous system.—(ADVT.)

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To King Manuel, Lisbon.

My dear Boy,—The King is dead; long live the King! I condole with you in your griefs; I sympathise with you in the greatness thrust upon your inexperience at a time of grave crisis in the affairs of your country. A dark and dastardly crime has made you King; and I hope that the good angel which saved you from the fate of your father and brother will be with you all the days of your life, so that with the passing of the years you may find the safety and permanence of your throne in the hearts of your people.

Never forget, my dear boy, that your first and last duty is to seek their happiness and prosperity, if you would secure your own. Be a King who works and not a King who loafs; who loves liberty and fears repression; who not only means well but does his best. More, none will demand from you; less, none will expect in exchange for loyalty and reverence.

You will find no better model than our own King Edward, who holds the deep, abiding affection of a great empire because he realises all the obligations of his sovereignty and fulfils them with tact, energy, and wisdom. By-and-bye, you must come over and see him and me. You will find warm welcome, warm sympathy, and warm encouragement in British hearts.

Meanwhile, my dear boy, be of good courage. Aim high and aim hopefully. Be not only a Kingly man but a manly King. Then I make no doubt that out of the tragic darkness which now besets your throne and your country will come the radiance of long, sunlit days. John Bull.

To Senhor Joao Franco, ex-Portuguese Dictator.

Senhor,—I never kick a man when he is down, and you are not only down, but do not seem likely to get up again. But perhaps you will allow me to express my opinion that you do well to bolt from Portugal into Spain. It shows that you have moments of accurate discernment.

You were the evil genius of the late King; and the widowed and anguished Queen Amélie put the case against you with poignant strength when you offered your condolences to her. "I do not know how you dare come to me," she is reported to have said; "it is you who are the cause of all that has happened." Causes are usually mixed and often obscure, Senhor; but I have no reason to doubt that your dictatorship under the *ægis* of the late King was a prime factor in the tragedy which has appalled the world.

King Carlos was at once your friend, your patron, your protector, and your victim. For you he extinguished Parliamentary government; on you he hazarded the safety of his throne, and, as it now appears, the security of his Royal person, and the lives of all his Royal house. The Councillor was spared. The King perished.

It is said that after the disaster you wept. Weep on, Senhor. It will need many tears to wash away that crimson stain.

You are now across the frontier—"retired broken-hearted from active participation in politics." For this self-riddance the Portuguese should be obliged to you, Senhor. But if you value your skin, I should find a safer place for retirement than Spain, if I were you. Hate runs far—and Galicia is too near. *Adio.* John Bull.

To the Hon. William Peel.

My dear Peel,—Accept my compliments on your appointment to the leadership of the Municipal Reform Party. My first sensation on hearing that the lot had fallen upon you was one of surprise, for I could discern nothing in the record of your career to justify your promotion to the leadership of anything or anybody. It is true that your father and grandfather had distinguished careers, and that in your young days you possessed a certain faculty in passing examinations. But you did no good at the Bar, or in the House of Commons, and the only explanation of your temporary prominence has been the fact that you married a rich wife. However, the Municipal Reform Party, in the opinion of many, has no very great claim to be taken seriously, and I daresay there are people who will say that it has now secured the leader it deserves. John Bull.

To Harry Thaw, Esq., Matteawan Lunatic Asylum, New York.

Sir,—According to the papers, you did not even thank your counsel for his tremendous exertions in procuring you a certificate of insanity. This is ungrateful, if true. If you were not to be sent out of the earth, it would be difficult to say where else you could be put in it except a lunatic asylum. A millionaire of your style of thought is too dangerous to be allowed to roam as a champion of other people's virtue—at any rate, for the present; though it may be that some American judge, after suitable explanations and arguments, will shortly declare you indubitably sane. But when you get out, for goodness' sake go and hide yourself, and let me hear of you no more. I want to still humbug myself with the idea that there is no difference between the law for the rich and that for the poor. John Bull.

To Count Boni de Castellane, Paris.

A Boni sort of fellow you are, Count—always in the papers, and always in trouble. When you are not advertising yourself as a spendthrift, you attract notice as a *divorcé*. Your latest exploit for attention in the law courts. is a little affair with the Prince de Sagan, in whose face you did yourself the pleasure to spit because he stared at you in church. I know a cat may look at a King, but in France, apparently, a Prince may not look at a Count. What your next advertisement will be I know not, but I believe the Parisian journalists are expectant. Why not provoke somebody to put your head under the pump or duck you in a horse trough? The press will be delighted to attend the *seance*, and honour you with the usual paragraphs. John Bull.

To Raymond Greene, L.C.C., Spring Gardens.

The only thing green about you, Greene, is your name. But I do wish you would play the game.

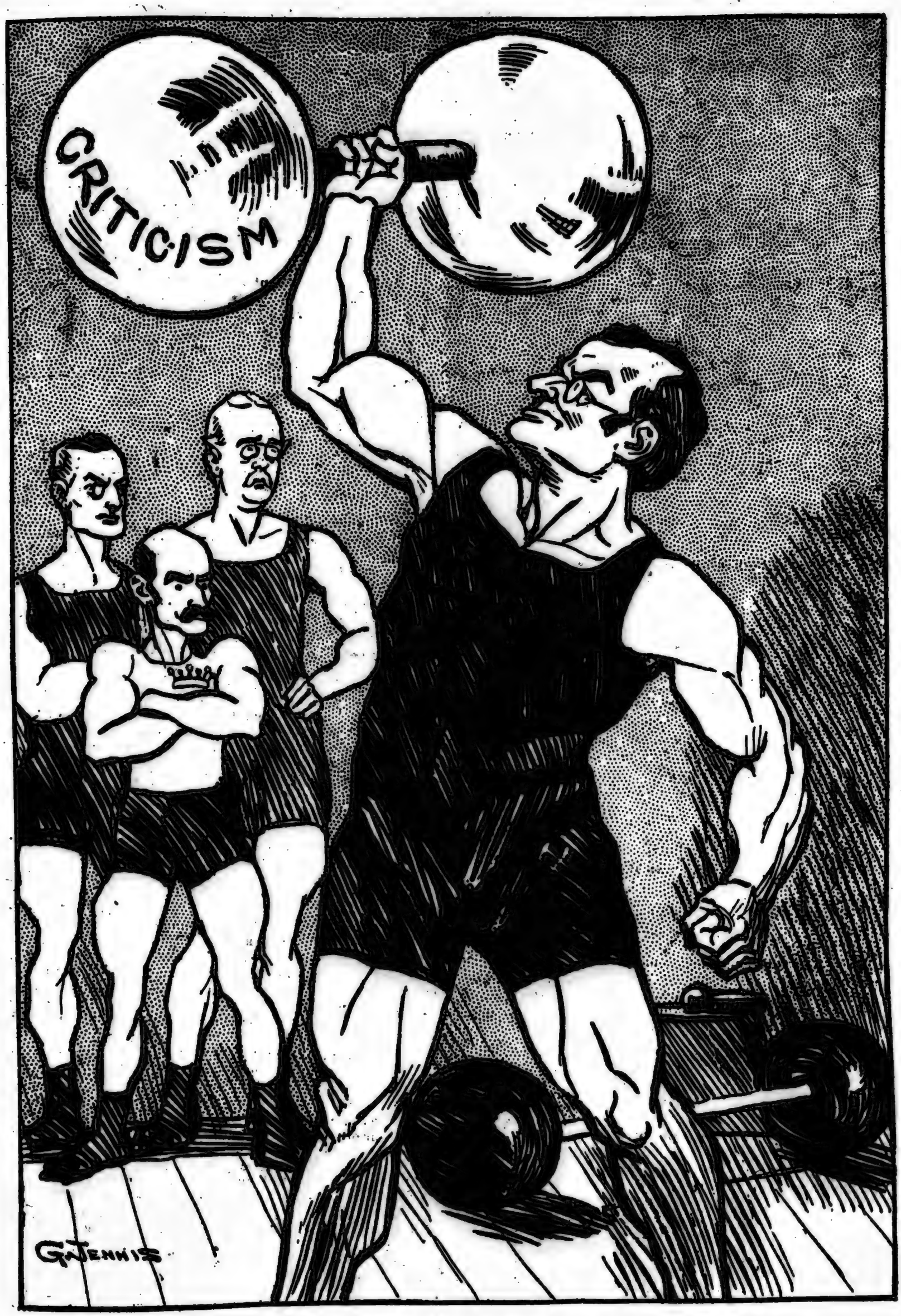
At first sight there does not seem much that is heinous in presenting each of the children of the Shacklewell Road School, Hackney, with a mug bearing the words, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas, Raymond Greene." But when it is added that the children probably ran home crying, "See what Mr. Greene has given us, father. Isn't he a nice, kind man?"; that those fathers probably have political as well as municipal votes, and that you are the selected Conservative candidate for "Parliamentary honours" in North Hackney—well, my dear, dear sir, it does look as if you were using the public schools to promote your political interests. I admit that one can't always "go by looks." Some people are innocent and don't look it; and for aught I know you may be one of them. But take my advice. Don't rely too much, down Hackney way, on mugs. If you want to win the seat, just step over the border and have a peep at us in the South. You'll be quite safe—for there is no Greene there.

John Bull.

To the Right Honourable Richard Robert Cherry, K.C., Attorney-General for Ireland.

My dear Bob Cherry,—I remember a game named after you which used to amuse me when I was a small boy. It consisted in shaking a cherry by the stalk and endeavouring to catch it in the mouth without the assistance of hands. Peter ~~the~~ Packer seems to have been treating you in this ignominious way. No wonder your Irish blood rose in your Irish gorge, and that you protested against such an irreverent attitude towards His Majesty's Attorney-General for Ireland. But surely you would have got on better if you had managed to conjure up a little of the proverbial Irish good humour instead of getting into a passion about trifles and assisting the Judge in making you ridiculous. Your protest against the use of the word titular, for instance, seems to have been excessive. It was no doubt a piece of bad taste to describe you as only the nominal leader of the Irish Bar, but surely your protest would have been more effective if you had laughed off the gibe in characteristic Irish fashion. Very few Irishmen know the meaning of English words, and no doubt the Judge did not quite appreciate the force of the adjective he applied to you. Well, you have won your case, so I suppose your wrath has now been appeased somewhat. But I do not think you have done yourself any good by your outburst, and I hope you will manage to keep a little bit calmer in future. Cheero, Cherry.

John Bull.



Mr. Birrell: ***"Why, it's only a dummy after all!"***

IN THE CITY.

INSURANCE COMPANIES AND POLICY HOLDERS.

We have more than once recently directed attention to the unsatisfactory—to use a mild word—way in which many of the insurance companies—and among them some of the leading ones—interpret their obligations to policy-holders. We have said that these complaints refer more particularly to the Fire Insurance Offices—to those known as Tariff Offices—but they are by no means confined to them. There seems to be a growing desire on the part of Insurance Managers to interpret their liabilities in the narrowest possible way. In times past, Insurance Companies were in the habit of dealing generously with policy holders, more especially of the smaller sort. They did not examine very narrowly the claims made upon them. Once they were satisfied that everything was above board, they did not seek excuses, or rely upon technicalities, to avoid payment. The present practice with many Companies seems to be different. The question of obligation is decided not upon a broad view of what is fair between man and man, but rather upon legal advice as to whether a good defence can be set up against the claim, no matter what the merits may be.

We have been induced to these remarks by a case that has been brought before us dealing with only a small claim, but representative of a large number of claims dealt with in a similar spirit by Insurance Companies. A man named Clarke, a tyre-maker in the employment of the Dunlop Company, Ltd., was induced by one Higgs, an agent of the General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Ltd., to take out a policy in that company. This was done on January 22nd, 1907, and on that day Clarke paid Higgs the sum of 3s. 4d., being the monthly premium reserved by the policy, and a sum of 2s. 6d. to cover the Company's liability to pay compensation from the first week of incapacity arising from any accident covered by such policy. On February 1st, 1907, Clarke met with an accident at the Dunlop Works. While engaged in his work of tyre-making, a piece of hot brass got into his eye. On the same evening Higgs, as agent of the Company, called to collect from Clarke the second premium on his policy. Before this premium was paid Clarke told Higgs of the accident, and Higgs said he would be entitled to benefit under the policy. Clarke paid to Higgs, on the same evening, but after the interview, the sum of 3s. 4d., being the second premium on the policy.

Clarke waited to hear from Higgs, relying on his promise that he would benefit, until February 16th, when, not hearing, he wrote to Mr. Bullivant, the Company's Superintendent at Birmingham, and, receiving no reply, he wrote to the Company's General Secretary with respect to his claim. He received no reply until March 27th, when he received a letter from the Head Office, acknowledging the receipt of the two letters, and saying the claim could not be gone into until the Claim Form was sent. On March 28th Clarke consulted Mr. Burbidge, his solicitor, who wrote asking for a form, which was sent on April 5th. On April 18th the Company wrote repudiating liability on the ground that they had not received notice within ten days of the accident. Thus they put Clarke to the expense of furnishing them with a medical report at the cost of one guinea before informing him that they intended to rely on the notice clause.

In due course the matter went to arbitration, the two arbitrators being Mr. Masser, the arbitrator appointed by Clarke, and who is a leading Common Law solicitor practising in Coventry, and Mr. Maddocks, a barrister with a very large local practice—the umpire being Mr. Parfitt, leader of the local Bar.

In addition to the objection mentioned above, the Company raised several others, and as to these others, it is right to say that the umpire decided against the Corporation upon all of them. The arbitrators agreed that there was no misrepresentation, as was charged by the Company, that the non-furnishing of the report did not invalidate the claim, as the Company contended; that the insured was up to the date of the arbitration in the care of a qualified physician, which the Company denied; that the disability was complete disability, which the Company denied; that the accident was the sole cause of the disability, which the Company denied. But with regard to the absence of written notice within ten days the arbitrators differed, Mr. Masser holding that the Company could not avail themselves of this condition because they did not furnish the insured with forms on which such notice could be sent in, it being a condition precedent that the notice must be given on a form provided by the Company; Mr. Maddocks finding that the absence of written notice sent within ten days, as prescribed by Condition 4, invalidated the claim. Whereupon the matter was referred for decision to the umpire, Mr. Parfitt, who, as we have said, decided against the Company upon all the grounds it had taken up save one, but in the matter of the notice agreed with Mr. Maddocks that the absence of notice within ten days invalidated the claim. And so the Company won. But Mr. Parfitt ordered them to pay their own costs and half of his fees.

The total amount of Clarke's claim under the policy amounted to only £24, being £3 per month for eight months. He had entirely lost the sight of one eye and was incapacitated from work for about 10 months, when he got a job as lift attendant at the Dunlop Works, Coventry, which job he was in for a few weeks when he met with a fatal accident on January 2nd last, being crushed in the lift.

The following is the approximate amount of expenses incurred by Clarke:—

	£	s.	d.
Doctor's fee for report	1	1	0
Arbitrators' fees	5	5	0
Doctor's fee for attending the arbitration	2	2	0
Witnesses' expenses	1	0	0
Clarke's incidental expenses (without loss of time)	1	0	0
Half of umpire's fee	2	1	9
Solicitor's costs, not paid, but estimated at	15	15	0
Being a total of	28	4	9

We have given the facts of this case—facts that cannot be disputed, for they rest on the documents upon which the case was decided—without prejudice, and we leave it to our readers to say whether the General Accident and Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited, have acted well in this matter. We are not saying that the umpire's contention as to the effect of the failure to give notice is not good in law; we content ourselves with asking whether under the circumstances, as narrated above, it was worthy of a great Insurance Company to take advantage of the informality.

THE PUBLIC AND CONSOLS.

A few months ago we were hearing a good deal from Lord Rothschild and other representatives of *haute finance* about the damage done to the credit of the nation by the present Government, owing to its supposed leanings towards socialism. Well, since then, there has been a financial panic of unprecedented severity, and how do we come out of it as compared with Germany—that country which Lord Rothschild and his friends are so fond of holding up to our admiration? During the panic German 3 per cents. lost four points, but notwithstanding the shocking doings of our own Government, Consols fell only 2 7-16ths. Our much-condemned Government is paying off debt at a rapid rate; Germany is adding to it with equal rapidity.

But whilst this is satisfactory, as far as it goes, why will not the Government take a leaf out of foreign books? There are two ways of bringing about an appreciation of Stock. You may reduce its amount, or you may increase the demand for it. The Government is doing the first, why not the second, which would be easier than the first, if only ordinary intelligence was brought to bear upon the matter. Why not appeal to the people as a whole to buy Consols? At present Consols are not attractive to the small man. In the old days, men were content with the sweet simplicity of the 3 per cents. If they got little interest they felt that their capital was safe, and that the chances were there would be some slight appreciation. But those who bought Consols at 110, and even higher, and are holding those same Consols to-day, when they can be got under 87, are not so sure as they used to be that in place of high interest they have the best security; and assuming the security all that it may reasonably be expected to be, Consols remain unattractive to the small investor.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 97 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwerk," London.—ADVT.

It is very difficult to transfer the stock, and the investor has nothing to show for it. The transfer of stock can only be effected by personal attendance of the transferer at the Bank of England in London, or the Bank of Ireland in Dublin, or by the expensive and troublesome method of Power of Attorney, and when the transfer has been made the stockholder gets no certificate. Now it is not to be expected that a hard-working man, living outside of London, would give up a day's work, and spend, it may be, a week's wages, when he wants to sell out a few pounds. The ordinary artisan has no connection with brokers, and a broker is necessary to identify him to the Bank officials. Yet he must either have a broker, or give a Power of Attorney, which again necessitates a broker, costs money, and requires specially careful execution with two witnesses. Then the absence of a certificate makes the stock unpopular.

Now all this confines the investment of Consols to rich, or, at any rate, well-to-do, men. In a paper read before the Statistical and Social Society of Ireland on December 6 last, Mr. C. A. Stanuell gave some very striking figures bearing upon the holders of Consols. He estimates that the British debt of 750 millions is held by only 200,000 persons, an average of £3,750 each. Contrast this with the French debt of £1,000,000,000, held by four millions of persons, an average of £250 each. What is the explanation? After making all allowances for the different circumstances of the two countries, the main reason is to be found in the fact that French Governments have systematically wooed the small investor. And they have had an ample reward. Their enormous debt is carried with comparative ease since it is shared by so many, and the Stock is remarkable for its stability, notwithstanding the political alarms so frequent in France. Then, again, the French grant a certificate against Stock registered in the name of the proprietor, and they issue Bonds of very small denomination, as low as 2 francs in the case of the 3 per cent. Perpetual Rente. Dividends on Bonds are paid by coupon which can be cashed anywhere. The objection to Bonds to bearer, namely, the risk of loss, is met by the creation of "mixed bonds," registered in the owner's name, but the coupons belonging to them are payable to bearer in the ordinary way. The Treasury makes no charge for carrying out transfers, and orders in the Provinces may be given to the local Treasury Paymaster-General in the chief towns of the Department. Dividends on registered Stock are paid on the production of the certificate.

Perhaps this system might not commend itself to the English investor, though we do not see why it should not; but, anyway, it ought not to be above the capacity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to devise a means by which dealings in Consols might become as simple and inexpensive as at present they are the contrary.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.

In our issue of February 1 we published an affidavit from one, Harry Herbert Harris, a late employee of the Syndicate. We have since been informed that this man was discharged by the Syndicate on account of embezzlement. If that be so, his evidence was, of course, tainted, though not necessarily false. We are inquiring into the matter, and shall refer to it again.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POSITION OF BANK.—E. R. (Plymouth).—Its record is only a short one, and we know of nothing to single it out in the way you name, but so far as we know it is respectably managed.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—F. J. P. (Birkenhead).—We know of no good reason why you should not purchase a house by the assistance of this Association. A. J. B. (Wood Green).—The Association is well-managed and financially strong, but if you are taking up a certificate be careful to note the conditions before you take it up, such as the length of time the bond has to run, what surrender value you can get after a time, and so on, so that if by and bye you want to get rid of it you may not be disappointed at the sum that would be offered to you. INVESTOR (Leeds).—It is financially strong and well-managed, but if you decide upon taking up a bond be careful to master the conditions before you apply for it.

TWO SHARES.—R. H. A. (Bowes Park).—Of the two we should prefer the hotel shares. C. H.—We cannot advise you to invest in the rubber company. The insurance shares you name at their present price would give you a return of a trifle over 4 per cent.

STANDING OF COMPANY.—J. D. (Hackney Road).—We never recommend dealings with a company that makes the purchase of its shares a condition of employment. We advise you to keep your £100 in your pocket and look for employment elsewhere.

VANGUARD MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY.—F. W. M. (Kensington).—The questions you put to us are very pertinent, but you should address them to the secretary of the company. Let us know what he says in reply.

CARSELL'S, LIMITED.—HUGO KNAPP (Lewisham).—We are obliged to you.

GRAND TRUNK ORDINARY.—A. E. H. (Stoke Newington).—The stock represents a promising look-up. The list you send us in an excellent one.

STOCK EXCHANGE TERMS.—WAGE (Stamford Hill).—Apply to Effingham Wilson, 54, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

PERUVIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.—R. T. D. (Cricklewood).—No.

SAFE BANK.—W. R. C. (Ashford).—We prefer the Birkbeck.

STANDING OF COMPANY.—EDGAR (South Hackney).—We have no information.

PREMIUM BONDS.—ESCASSIA (Edinburgh).—We can only tell you that the firm to which you refer sells these bonds at about 30 per cent. above the market price. Bought at a fair price, some of these bonds represent a fair investment. D. C. (Glasgow).—How can we tell you if they are in order? The best way to get trustworthy information respecting the bonds is to subscribe to the Belgian Bi-Monthly Moniteur. H. C. W (Birmingham).—See answer to D. C. W. B. (Glasgow).—We note your suggestion, but we do not see how we are to act upon it. As to the best paper to buy to give you the result of drawings, we really cannot keep answering this question. We have repeatedly said that the official organ, and the most trustworthy journal for this purpose, is the Belgian Bi-Monthly Moniteur. R. P. (Sidcup).—The winning numbers are published, as we have said repeatedly before, in the Belgian Bi-Monthly Moniteur, but they are not published in ordinary English newspapers. The Moniteur will give you all available particulars. H. D. T. (Carnarvon).—See previous answer.

VENTURE CORPORATION.—J. T. (Leytonstone).—We should prefer others.

CONGO BOND.—A NEW READER.—You can sell it at a price.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA INSURANCE COMPANY.—ENQUIRER (Luton).—Presumably your friend will see to the transfer. You should have made direct application.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. D. J. (Dowlais).—We do not recommend dealings with the firm in question. ANGLO (Dublin).—(1) Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you name. (2) We do not recommend dealings in "Call Options." We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL. M. B. (Swansea).—We cannot advise you to deal with these people. INVESTOR (Cirencester).—If you want to buy stocks and shares, go to a member of the Stock Exchange.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—J. J. A. (Sunderland).—The safest way is to hand them the balance due over the counter upon their producing the bond. P. A. S. (Leicester).—The suggestion, of course, is that what you refer to is done in order to keep customers in the dark as to Winning Numbers. G. W. (Gosport).—The only thing we can suggest is to tender the money for the bonds over the counter, requesting the immediate delivery of the bonds. F. D. T. (Bournemouth).—We do not understand what led up to the reply you have received from the editor of "Tit-Bits." He seems to give you very sound advice in the matter referred to. ROCHESTER.—We thank you for your card, and note what you say as to the price paid for a Panama Canal Bond.

ONE AND ALL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—A. B. (Liscard).—The association is under respectable management, but the title is misleading, inasmuch as it is not an Insurance Company. We have pointed this out to the secretary of the company, and we have reason to believe that the directors are considering the matter. W. G. (Grimsby).—The company is rapidly increasing its business, and, as we have said before, the men who are controlling it have nothing against them. We thank you for your good wishes and assistance. LOOKING FORWARD (Newry).—See previous answers. While we repeat what we have said about the management, we fear that the directors are making promises they will find it difficult to redeem. S. W. W. (Derby).—We are obliged to you for the criticism you send us from an insurance paper. Opinions on the subject differ a good deal.

ABBEY ROAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—SECRETARY (St. John's Wood).—We are obliged to you for the report and statement of accounts of your society for the year ended 31st December, 1907, and congratulate all concerned upon the excellent progress made by the society during the year covered by the report.

LOTTERY TICKETS.—J. B. (Cardiff).—We do not care to assist our readers in the purchase of lottery tickets.

FIRE INSURANCE FOR HOUSEHOLDER.—A. E. B. (Palmers Green).—We are obliged by your letter, which shall have consideration. We know of no objection to insurance with Lloyd's that balances the advantages to which you refer.

INVESTMENT OF £3,000.—P. L. (Tottenham).—We should prefer the Japanese Bonds, but, in your friend's place, we should look nearer home. The Japanese are a wonderful people, and they have gone ahead very rapidly in late years, but you must bear in mind that their expenditure has increased enormously, that the policy they are pursuing necessitates continuous growth of expenditure, and that it is difficult to see how taxation, already most burdensome, can be increased. Another war, and Japan might well be bankrupt, and, although there is no immediate prospect of war, the relations of Japan with America have recently been strained, and are likely to be strained still further before long, whilst her relations with China are anything but satisfactory. These are considerations which militate against putting all one's eggs into a Japanese basket.

BRITISH LIFE COMPANY.—G. W. (Aston).—The figures given in the prospectus look attractive.

WESTBOURNE PARK BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. W. S. (Bayswater).—The reply to both questions is in the affirmative.

POSITION OF BENEFIT SOCIETY.—S. J. (Finsbury Park).—We think you might make a much better selection.

THE S.P. SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—ST. AUSTELL (Leyton).—We think you should leave the rights to be acquired by Mr. David Suchostawer, of Vienna, and relating to the conveyance of electrical power, to those who have more information about their value than is conveyed in the prospectus you send us.

MERSEY HARBOUR AND DOCK.—O. T. (Carnarvon).—We should prefer another selection.

MANCHESTER BOILERMAKERS.—J. D. J. (London).—We should be inclined to hold for the present, but watch the shares closely.

The Coming Boom in Austrian Mining Shares.

SIRIUS SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

The Shares in this Syndicate can now be bought at

THIRTY SHILLINGS PER SHARE,

And before the end of the year they will be worth

TWENTY POUNDS PER SHARE.

For further particulars apply to—

London and Provincial Exchange, Ltd.,

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Telegrams and Cables:—
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Telephones:—4710 London Wall.
4711 London Wall.
4712 London Wall.

AMONG THE LAWYERS

CARTER AND BELL, SOLICITORS.

SEVERE CENSURE BY THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY.

In our issue of November 30th, 1907, we announced that we had placed before the Incorporated Law Society certain facts relating to the methods adopted by Messrs. Carter and Bell, Solicitors, of 6, Idol Lane, London, E.C., more especially in regard to their false representation to the shareholders of the Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Limited, that they had been "ordered" to take part in the proceedings connected with the recent Public Examination. It will be remembered that upon Mr. Bottomley calling the attention of Mr. Registrar Hood to certain touting circulars issued by this firm, His Honour expressed strong disapproval of the use they were making of permission which he had "reluctantly given" them to attend the proceedings on behalf of the debenture holders of an allied Company.

The Secretary of the Incorporated Law Society now writes us that—

> The Council are of opinion that the Order giving permission to Messrs. Carter and Bell's clients to attend by Counsel the proceedings upon the enquiry into the affairs of the Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Ltd., was improperly described as an "Order" to attend such proceedings and that such misdescription constituted an offence against the Court.

We trust this censure will make Messrs. Carter and Bell a little more careful in future as to their methods; and we particularly commend it to the shareholders in Fredk. Sage and Co., Ltd., in connection with whose affairs, as we pointed out last week, Messrs. Carter and Bell are now appearing upon the scenes.

AN IMPRISONMENT CASE.

We have often directed attention in this column to the iniquities—they are nothing less—of the law as it is worked in matters of debt collecting and imprisonment for debt. We are not without hope that the Lord Chancellor will see his way to bring in an amending Bill this Session which will give effect to the intention of Parliament when it passed the Act which regulates imprisonment for debt, and prevent Judges from interpreting the law in accordance with their own notions of what is right instead of in harmony with its words. Our attention has just been directed to a flagrant case of injustice in this connection. Usually the man who is sent to prison for debt is convicted by a County Court Judge—in this case the injustice was done by a Judge of the High Court, Mr. Justice Phillimore. We need hardly say that we do not suggest conscious injustice; nevertheless, the injustice was there.

A publisher in a small way of business, but one with a clean record, and who had been in business for 30 years, owed a debt to a firm of printers, amounting to £60 odd. The debt was not disputed, but the debtor was unable to pay it. In due course the printers sued and got judgment. There was distraint but without result. The solicitors for the printers thereupon applied to Mr. Justice Bigham to commit. The debtor appeared in person. The creditors alleged that the debtor had property in the City; the debtor said there was no truth whatever in that statement. He was without means of any sort. Thereupon Mr. Justice Bigham adjourned the hearing for two months, in order that inquiries might be made as to the truth or otherwise of the allegation as to the City property. The creditors were unable to locate any such property, and admitted that they had made the statement upon wrong information.

At the end of the two months the adjourned case came on for hearing again, this time before Mr. Justice Phillimore. The solicitors for the creditors applied for committal. The debtor was not allowed to go into the box to make his statement, and when he attempted to address Mr. Justice Phillimore from the well of the Court the Judge told him that he could not hear him, but he put this question to him. "Has anything for ill or good taken place since the last hearing to affect your position?" The debtor answered "No." Thereupon the Judge said: "The case was fully heard on the former hearing before Mr. Justice Bigham, and unless you pay the instalments due within 14 days you must go to prison." The debtor attempted to explain to the Judge that the case had not been fully heard, but the Judge would not listen to him.

On December 3rd the debtor was arrested. From prison he addressed a letter to Mr. Registrar Brougham, narrating the facts, and complaining of the wrong done him. This letter was laid before the Judge, who ordered that it should be referred to the solicitors of the creditors, and they were examined in the Judge's private room upon December 15th. On December 17th the debtor was brought from jail and also examined by the Judge, who said, "I am satisfied you have misled your creditors." Thereupon the debtor was sent back to jail, and kept there until January 17th, having been in jail for 44 days.

We again disclaim any intention of suggesting that Mr. Justice Phillimore was not anxious to do what was just in the matter, but we would point out that in order to justify imprisonment it was necessary to show that the debtor had means, and would not use them to discharge his debt. Owing to Mr. Justice Phillimore being under the impression that the case had been fully tried by Mr. Justice Bigham, when in fact it had not been, this question of proof was never thrashed out, and the debtor was imprisoned for over six weeks, although he stoutly maintains that it was absolutely impossible for him to find the money necessary to liquidate the debt.

Another case recently before Mr. Justice Phillimore is, in a sense, even more illustrative of the great injustice that may be done to the individual under the law as it is administered at present in connection with debt. A musical conductor owed money, and his creditor obtained judgment against him. The judgment was not satisfied, and the creditor applied for committal. The debtor assured the Judge that he was without means to pay. He was out of employment, living with his mother-in-law in order to save the cost of keep. Thereupon Mr. Justice Phillimore told him that the order for committal would lie in the office for 14 days, when he would go to jail if he had not satisfied the debt. Upon the debtor pleading anew that he was out of employment, the Judge answered, "Then you must get an engagement." Now surely this is unreasonable. It may be said that men ought not to get into debt, and that when they get into debt they must put up with the consequences, but to say that a man must get employment, and unless he does get employment within a fortnight he must go to jail, is, we venture to say, to interpret the law in a way that cannot be sustained by reference to its text, and is repugnant to equity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE (H. B. M., Clapham).—The surveyor is right. He is entitled to assess the two incomes together.

"RESTRAINT OF TRADE" (A. B. W., Seven Kings).—The agreement seems to us to be one that the courts would enforce.

HIRE FURNISHING ("In a Muddle," Tylorstown).—The firm can recover from you any balance that may be outstanding on the account between you.

FUNDS IN CHANCERY (W. C. B., Bournemouth, W.).—It is very difficult to get information as to funds in the Court of Chancery, and the only way is to employ a solicitor to look into the matter for you.

INCOME TAX (F. H., Clapham).—The Income tax year runs from 5th April in every year, and your income will be assessed for that period. You should apply to the surveyor of taxes for a form. You are entitled to deduct the insurance premium, but not the payment for the relative.

COLONIAL ESTATE (A. W. R., Southampton).—If the will has been proved you would be able to get a copy of it if you wrote to the Probate Court in Natal and ascertained the cost and then sent the money. We cannot say what period, if any, is allowed for closing the estate.

MISAPPLIED TRUST FUNDS ("Perplexed," Newcastle).—You may be liable to replace the money unless you can show that the default of your co-trustee was not aided by your own conduct. You have no privilege above other creditors.

SOLICITORS' COSTS (W., Crouch End).—Unless you employed the solicitors you are not responsible for any part of their costs. They seem to have been acting for the trustee or for certain creditors, and unless you were a party to their being engaged you cannot be made to pay.

DISMISSAL OF TUTOR (E. S., Chalk Farm).—In the absence of an agreement as to notice, the law would require that "reasonable notice" should be given. The fact that the remuneration was paid weekly suggests a weekly engagement, but this can be rebutted by showing that the engagement was for a longer period. You could summon the employer for three months' notice, and thus test the question. You ought to succeed.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Courage of Royal Ladies.

It is probable that if a census were taken with a view to discovering the most admired of all the virtues, we should find courage at the top of the poll. This splendid quality is one that it is considered incumbent upon both men and women of high position to possess, and since, to a very large extent, people do fulfil what is universally demanded of them, we almost invariably find that royal ladies, in moments of peril, rise magnificently to the occasion. No incident in the recent Lisbon tragedy has touched the public imagination more than has the picture of Queen Amélie endeavouring to protect her son with her own person, while bullets rained around. It will be remembered, too, that at the Coronation of the Queen of Holland, a bomb outrage had recently occurred, and the Dutch ministers tried hard, though without success, to persuade the girl-queen to abandon that portion of the ceremony which necessitated her walking on foot in her coronation robes through a dense crowd of sightseers. That wonderful sovereign Queen Elizabeth again and again showed herself possessed of "a courage answerable to the greatness of her estate." On one occasion in her reign there appeared a comet—supposed in those days to foretell to a certainty the monarch's death. Her Majesty's scared attendants covered the windows, so that the Queen might not see the fatal sign, but she gazed upon it unmoved, and then reprimanded her courtiers for chicken-heartedness. At the time of the French Revolution, when Marie Antoinette and the other women members of the Royal Family and aristocracy were meeting death on the scaffold with such unmoved dignity, the only titled woman who is recorded to have wept and cried to the mob for mercy was the King's favourite, Du Barry—originally a little milliner. Let us therefore one and all proceed to do regularly whatever frightens us most, and thus train ourselves to act like heroines in emergencies.

Something About the Coming Fashions.

Now, thank goodness, the shop windows are no longer filled with tumbled, old-fashioned goods to be sold at any price; in other words, the sales are over, and the new fashions are beginning to peep forth. The harbingers of fashion in the hat line are always amazing, be they summer or winter *chapeaux*. The fact is, the early models are exhibited exactly as they are received from Paris, but as time passes the quieter English taste discriminates, and the exaggerated styles disappear from view. As it is, judging from what we see at present, the prevailing feature of our spring hats is to be ramping plumes and ospreys, and other feathers, fluffy decorations, made to stand erect and wave wildly with every passing breeze. The sleeves of the new gowns still seem in doubt as to whether they shall be full length or three-quartered. Last autumn we were told that the reign of the short sleeve had passed for good and for all, that a three-quarter sleeve would hopelessly date a gown, and so on. But this is not so. The sleeves in the majority of new spring models certainly do not reach to the wrist—doubtless to the great joy of the manufacturers of long gloves. There is one absolutely new feature to chronicle in skirts. This is to have a series of cross-ways tucks or gathers taken in the front of the skirt some distance above the knees, for all the world as if the skirt had been cut too long, and this was the method adopted of keeping it out of the way of the wearer's feet. Both tailor-made and evening gowns are being treated in this curious manner, which is said to be founded on a fashion that prevailed for a considerable period in the Middle Ages.

That Secret Hope.

It may be both wise and kindly to point out to the aspiring actress the dour prospects of a stage career, as did Mrs. Bull recently, but, alack and alas! it is usually labour thrown away. Deep down in the recesses of the heart of many a stage aspirant is the secret thought, "Possibly I shall make a splendid marriage." Now for all her cautious scruples, Mrs. Bull is unable to deny that the stage—particularly musical comedy—certainly appears to be the most flourishing matrimonial agency going. The Aldwych Theatre in particular has an especially triumphant record in this direction. Built but a few years ago, no fewer than nine important brides have crossed the threshold of its stage-door on their way to the altar, some of them marrying into the aristocracy. Among these are the present Lady de Clifford and the Hon. Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce. As Mr. Seymour Hicks puts it, "An actress has the advantage of being seen, and eligible men endeavour to obtain an introduction to her." Then the young actor-manager goes on with assumed innocence. "That, I should imagine, has something to do with it." Methinks it may verily have "something to do with it!" The prettiest, wittiest, most attractive girl alive cannot captivate sprigs of nobility unless the young lordlings come somehow within the range of her fascinations. The Elizabethan poet, Edmund Waller, expressed similar sentiments in the sweet lines that he addressed to the lady of his heart. About to send her a rose, we all know the message that he whispers to the blossom—

"Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:

and so on. All very true, and doubtless a realization of this fact is at the root of many young ladies' predilection for a stage life.

An Economical Recipe.

When pork is boiled, of course the liquor in which it is simmered is both tasty and nourishing, and needs but a very little addition to transform it into a delicious soup. Here is one method by which this can be done. Wash and trim a cabbage, cut it into fine shreds, not neglecting to cut all the shreds crossways, to shorten the filaments. Let it simmer till tender in a quart of boiling water. Then add a quart of the pork liquor, add a good-sized lump of sugar, and pepper and salt to taste. Boil all together, and serve.

BOVRIL

stands for

Beef and Purity

it repels

INFLUENZA

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE SCANDAL.

Many readers write asking where they can sign the Petition to Parliament. We shall be glad to hear from our friends in different towns who are willing to allow their addresses to be given for the purpose. We shall also be happy to forward them a notice to be placed in their window, intimating that the Petition is within for signature.

We are glad to learn that a large number of readers are writing their local Members of Parliament urging them to support us in the action we are taking.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That Worcester is as saucy as ever.

That Malvern Urban District Council is now anxious to change its initials.

That the Variety Artists' Federation say Oswald Stoll a march upon them.

That in the matter of the L.C.C. Coal Depots, the Socialists got the sack.

That the tannercab is just the tick-it.

That the tube railways find squeezing the public pays.

That Mr. Birrell's "won't" is not in accordance with his will.

That Mr. Ginnell's presence is absolutely necessary at Westminster.

That the decision of the judges of designs for London's County Hall was Knott the best.

That Peter the Regicide is not uneasy.

Speaking of Liberalism, the *Express* says, "It has received notice to quit."

The Countess von Linden, of Bonn University, has found that a butterfly can live for seventeen days without food. So it is not the grub that makes the butterfly after all.

Mr. Upton Sinclair says he has learned to live on Bermuda onions. Has he taught anyone to live with him?

A beggar giving the name of Mordecai Broak has been arrested with £5 on him. He may be Mordecai; but he certainly isn't broke.

Nobody can understand the language spoken by a tramp arrested in Paris. Probably he invented it himself.

Under the heading of "Metal Markets," a Birmingham paper gives quotations for "London potatoes." We have heard of pig-iron suffering from swine fever, but this ought to put the spuds on their mettle.

An American judge has decorated his court-house with the motto, "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you." He must be an advocate for very short sentences.

The *Star* says, "Too many women see only the front of themselves, and never get a good square look at their backs." Perhaps this accounts for their swivel round when another lady passes.

Prince Firman Firma, a Persian Governor-General, has been "held up" by Turkish raiders, and robbed of £30,000. We can imagine the terror Firma was in.

A Willesden school examiner says of the children's singing: "We do not know what angel voices are like, but it would take a lot to *beat* these children." Lot and chloride of sodium are identical now.

Will our correspondents bear in mind the new P.O. regulation: "No inland letter must be more than 2 ft. in length, 1 ft. in width, and 1 ft. in depth."

Mr. Sabath, a member of Congress, has brought in a Bill to ensure that American brides shall have American husbands, "especially when the brides are millionaires." Rather dollarous, this; remember the Sabath way—to keep "it" wholly.

A FEW FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS:—

"And she thought it bit—bit—bit her."—The Ravenous Flea.

"There is no frock, however washed and mended, With a new one will compare."—The Maiden's Swear.

"For men must drink and women must weep,—And the rest of what I've to say'll keep Till the public bar we roam in."—After U.

"Half-a-leg! half-a-leg! half-a-leg on wood!"—The Soldier's Fear.

"Little England! great in story."—Mackay (and others).

"Love rules the court."—Lawn Tennison.

"Far from the madding crowd."—The Flying Welsher.

A two-year-old leopard in a Paris menagerie ate a piece of his own tail while lunching off a quarter of horse. He made extremes meat.

"The richer a man gets, the more careful he should be to keep his head level," says a financial article. Otherwise he may lose his "balance," we presume.

The Question of the Hour:—"What's yours?"

"Dagonet" says the most unprofitable thing a journalist can deal in to-day is truth. That is, since we reduced the price to a penny.

A Tall, Straight, and Well-Set Man.

POSSIBILITIES OF A NEW PATENTED MACHINE FOR TRAINING THE FIGURE.

A tall, well-set man is the Envy of his fellows and the admiration of all women. The "world is governed by appearances", and the attractions of the mind do not make that quick decisive impression which a superior physical exterior compels. First impressions always count. There can be no doubt but that the possessor of a Stunted and Neglected and Awkward body is socially and commercially handicapped. No one who gives the matter due reflection can deny this proposition. A Symmetrical and Erect man if under normal height will still stand out and be conspicuous amidst a crowd of ordinary people.

A celebrated writer once said that a good deportment was a more valuable asset than the knowledge of a foreign language. There is no reason why this should be neglected any longer. The Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer, a unique machine patented in ten countries, brings the possibilities of the highest type of Figure Culture within the full reach of every youth and man. No matter how neglected the figure has been, this machine will bring about a prompt and surprising alteration. The Contour of the figure is changed, the pupil becomes erect and straight, and through this often actually appears taller by as much as one inch. The shambling slipshod gait disappears and the walk is a walk of dignity. In connection with this all physical experts agree that not more than ten persons in a hundred know how to walk correctly. For men who are too stout the improvement effected in cases of abdominal obesity is marvellous. Two to six inches of superfluous flesh can be removed from the abdomen in from three to four weeks, and this, please note, is without dieting or the taking of medicines or liquids.

The use of the machine does not take up valuable time. Ten minutes in the morning and ten minutes in the evening is quite sufficient. Users have written to us saying that their friends have been surprised and mystified at the transformation in their appearance, for which our machine has been responsible. Experiment for yourself and we believe that you will have the same pleasant experience.

Send us your name and address and state your requirements and we will send you a machine with preliminary instructions on four days, absolutely free trial. You are under no obligation whatever by accepting this offer, and if not as represented return the machine to us, whilst if you decide to retain it the cost is quite moderate. Address The Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer Ltd. Room B. 5, Wells Street. Oxford Street. London. W.

Fire, Burglary, Plate Glass, Accident, Sickness, Drivers Accidents Departments.

With either WEEKLY or ANNUAL Premiums.

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CAPITAL £50,000.

For Agency Terms, apply 19, 20 & 21, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

W. E. RICHARDS, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

FREE PAMPHLET No. 27.

describing scheme for providing professional business men with an income of £1 to £15 per week during incapacity by any kind of sickness or accident, with *guaranteed* return of all contributions. Send name and address to—

HENRY BROWN, 18, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

What is your Number?

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 140.

Consols are leaping, all through the wretched Radicals as usual.

A Derby drunk told the magistrate he had been teetotal for three months. "Where've you been?" demanded the magistrate. "In gaol," said the drunk.

Lord Langford, who has sat in the Lords for 24 years, has just made his maiden speech. His lordship is evidently a man of few words.

A Pall Mall bachelor says he does not think £1,000 a year enough to marry on. It would depend, of course, how much he spent when he was married off.

When Mr. Birrell told the suffragettes who called at his house the other morning that he was still in bed, one of them cried, "Oh, do let us see him." The idea.

From the cover of a penny "popular": "What We Think of the Suffragists: See Inside."

A recent advt.: "Take Peps before worse ills arise." Oh, these schools of advertising!

A gang of gamblers in Australia cut off a comrade's finger because he had renounced gambling. He will have a bad hand if he plays cards again.

A headline reads:—"Kaiser in a mask." Cannot the papers tell us something new?

Now that the cotton crisis is over, the papers will be unable to spin any further yarns about it.

An egg, 9 in. long has been laid by a hen at Skipton. But most eggs are laid just under two feet.

A muffin-man, fined for ringing his bell, pleaded ignorance of the law. Done brown.

One side of the three years' system of obtaining goods was illustrated in a London police-court the other day. A man was sent to penal servitude for that period for stealing a bottle of whisky.

THE "GENTLE" SEX.

When coaxing, smiles, and flattery—
And tears are unavailing,
Then try assault and battery;
You'll get your "rights" by railing.

From a contemporary: "Shakespeare at Verona." We thought he was still in the Isle of Man.

What they said in Glamorganshire: "Solicitor-General? Good Evans!"

During the recent cold weather a man woke up and found that his teeth had frozen together. However, he managed to get them free—after warming the water.

A man at Walthamstow explained to a magistrate that he threw a lighted lamp at his wife "to try and stop her drinking." Was it fusel oil?

At Kingston, according to a constable, "defendant was so drunk that he went into a boot shop to sell laces!" We can't see the point.

The unkindest cut of all! Apropos the use of the Royal Standard at elections, the King's Private Secretary wrote: "I am not willing to introduce the King's name in the middle of a contest by communicating with the Conservative agent."

MORE WELLERISMS:—

"Hard to beat," as the schoolboy said when he placed a leather apron under his trousers.

"What great events from little causes spring," as the burglar said when a sneeze revealed his hiding-place.

"It's all up," as the man said when he looked for an escape of gas with a candle.

"Two heads are better than one," as the hatter said when twins entered his shop.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," as the missionary said when he sang to the cannibal.

"Things are not always what they seem," as the man with a squint said when he thought he saw two sovereigns.

"Two blacks don't make a white," as the mistress said when the sweeps had finished.

"Anticipation is better than realisation," as the nephew said when he learned that his uncle had cut him off with a shilling.

"Hard cheese," as the old man said when he broke his only tooth on the cheese-rind.

"Not above board," as the maiden remarked when her hand was pinched under the table.

PROFIT BOTH WAYS.

DOUBLE OPTIONS A FINE FIELD FOR SPECULATORS WHO VALUE SAFETY WITH LARGE PROFITS.

A Book explaining this Simple and Sound Method of Money-Making to be had Free by Readers of JOHN BULL.

A short time ago we ventured to predict in these columns that the modern method of Stock Exchange transaction known as Double Options would before long revolutionise the speculative market in this country. About a couple of months has passed since this prophesy was published, and already there are ample signs of its reversing the usual fate of prophetic utterances and becoming an accomplished fact.

It is not so long ago that, owing to a great deal of recommendation from interested quarters, the public who had a little money and needed to make more with it were gradually persuaded into the adoption of what is known as one, two, or three point marginal speculations. The knowing firms who popularised this kind of speculation did very well out of this public speculation in a manner which could in the long run be profitable only to the stock dealer.

The small investor is a very plucky person, and he kept on and on, hoping for better "luck," never realising that the above-mentioned marginal plan was hopelessly against him, until the Stock Exchange and Banking Company, Ltd., pointed out how foolish these speculations are, and showed the only speculative principle of this nature which could possibly prove profitable, namely, the dealing in Double Options.

The reason why Double Options are the only form of speculation the private speculator should look at is that a profit is made whether the price of the shares rises or falls.

Therefore, any man or woman without the slightest knowledge of the money market or of stock and share values can make a profit. It is not necessary to be either a bear or a bull, for with the Double Option one is both; and when the bulls are having a good time the Double Option speculator is also in high fettle, but he is equally jubilant when the bears win the day, for his profit is just as large as in the opposite event. All he has to do is to select a stock which is subject to fluctuation.

Under the old plan of one, two, or three point marginal speculations the weak point, from the small investor's point of view, was that you never knew which way the price of the stock was going to move. You were investing for a rise—and it suddenly fell; you were hoping for a fall—and it rose instead. In both cases you lost your money. But in this new system the direction of the movement is entirely a matter of indifference to you. You win both ways. Let it rise—you earn a profit. Let it fall—you again earn a profit. The only eventuality you may have to fear is that the stock on which you are operating perhaps remain stationary.

This sounds almost too good to be true, that one can make a profit out of any one share whether its price rises or falls; nevertheless, it is sober fact, and hundreds of people are by the knowledge offered in the book, "Double Options," issued gratis and post free to every applicant by the Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Ltd. (20, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.), making large sums of money with very small capital sums of from £5 upwards. Readers will, however, best judge of the simplicity and certainty of the method by sending a post-card to-day, mentioning JOHN BULL, for a copy of the explanatory book, entitled "Double Options." The address to write to is the Secretary, The Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Ltd., 20, Great Winchester Street, E.C.—(ADVT.)

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE.—A large number of solicitors throughout the country have sent us copies of Mr. C. J. Stewart's recent touting circular. We quite agree with what many of our correspondents state as to the scandal attaching to the waste of money involved. Will any reader desiring a copy of the Petition for signature kindly write us direct?

W. W. N. (Ilkley).—The editor of the *Globe* was not the only person who got the Druce case on the brain, and we do not think we can give him a biscuit for confusing Druce with Drude. We hope we have now heard the last of both.

C. J. C. (Dulwich).—We must be charitable to the Italian Countess, but we doubt whether Mrs. Henry Hawkins, of Hoxton, would have received the same treatment. We are trying to get a Return from the Home Secretary as to the number of similar cases which have been before the courts recently.

The Rev. W. Copeland, apropos our recent paragraph, wishes to explain that his "zeal" did not run him into talking of the "noble, pure, and lofty ideals of *the Trade*." What he did say was that they needed the best men in the licensed houses, men with the noblest and purest ideals. He further states that in the City of Carlisle there are temperance men holding licences, and some are abstainers. As he anticipates, we quite understand his point and appreciate it.

E. H. (Kingsland).—We have done with all these Football Competitions.

F. W. C. (W. Hampstead).—We always call him "Charley."

"Sathmo Stew" (Stockwell) and others.—We are afraid the treatment you have received at the hands of Messrs. Hyde and Co., Ltd., of Lilford Road, Camberwell, would not be of sufficient general interest to warrant publication.

T. J. N. (Skewen) and others.—"General" Booth's "Letter from Heaven" was published in the *War Cry* of March 6, 1893.

E. W. T. wishes us to decide an argument as to whether at the last General Election Mr. C. J. Stewart, the Public Trustee, was a Parliamentary candidate for Sunderland. Thank goodness, the answer is in the negative. Our friend is confusing Mr. C. J. Stewart with Mr. Jas. Stuart, M.P.

M. L. S. (Leeds) and others point out that we were wrong in addressing our recent Open Letter to Mrs. Rushworth at York Castle. M. L. S. tells us that they in Leeds have the privilege of entertaining the gentle lady in Armley Gaol, and they so much appreciate the honour that they would willingly extend their hospitality to several times the period at present fixed for her stay.

A. H. (St. John's Wood) tells us that he sent the Pan-Asiatic Tea swindlers a 4s. 6d. P.O., which was cashed by one "Jas. Lawrence" on December 3, but up to January 23 he had not got the "magnificent present." We should be glad to hear whether the Kingsway Supply Co., of 300, Clapham Road, are in any way connected with this concern, or with that somewhat similar business, the Dorado Watch Co., of 4, Brixton Road.

F. W. P. (Leeds).—Don't be silly.

P. L. (Madrid) informs us that someone has been pulling Lord Northcliffe's leg. The *Daily Mail* recently reported that "one of the two handsome bronze lions which adorn either side of the steps leading up to the principal entrance of the Palacio del Congreso, Madrid, was removed from its pedestal, but was subsequently discovered in a remote corner of Retiro Park. . . . It is presumed that five or six men managed to loosen the lion from its pedestal, slid it down a plank, and hauled it on to a cart by means of ropes." Our correspondent observes: "The spectacle of a solid bronze lion, larger than those at the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, sliding down a single plank would surely be marvellous."

"Destroyer" (Sheerness).—Wrong 'uns.

J. C. P. (Handsworth) writes us a long letter covering nearly four sheets of foolscap, in the first paragraph of which he says he is a reader of John Bull "not because I like you, or because you are of any real use to me, but mainly because your colossal self-conceit amuses me somewhat, and I occasionally find it interesting to compare your inconsistencies of thought, and to whet my appetite for sarcasm on what you are prone to call your broad-mindedness." We have glanced through the rest of the letter, and can only suggest that J. C. P.'s appetite for sarcasm still requires considerable whetting.

J. B. (North Shields) says we misread the recent anti-Christmas-box manifesto in the *Draper's Record*. It was the corrupt buyers and not the staffs who were aimed at. Hurrah!

"Catholicus" (Newport) sends a cutting from the *Welsh Catholic Herald*, in which our Celtic contemporary thinks that our recent reference to the Holliday case was inspired by hatred of the Catholic religion. Silly contemporary! We respect *all* religions.

DAY & MARTIN'S
FAMOUS BOOT POLISH
"JUST OUT"

Gives a shine to your Boots that you can get from no other Polish. Ask your Shopkeeper for DAY & MARTIN'S Polish and insist upon having it. Sold in 3d., 4d., and 6d. tins (Black and Tan).

MADE ONLY BY THE HISTORIC FIRM
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CHARING CROSS BANK.
(Established 1870.)
28, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,637,943. Liabilities, £1,238,271. Surplus, £371,672.
LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 38 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

PROMPT CASH ADVANCES
£100 TO £10,000
LENT PRIVATELY
on approved note of hand, without security.
FIELDINGS
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For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.
Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

WATCHES
We hold the Largest Stock of Watches in the World, and we send Free our Large Catalogue of all makes of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, ALBERTS, RINGS, CHOICE JEWELLERY, and superior goods for PRESENTS. This book puts you in the best market, and explains our Easy Terms and Substantial Discount for Cash. Enormous Saving.
ASK FOR CATALOGUE B
J. G. GRAVES, Limited, SHEFFIELD.

COMPETENT MEN
are always in demand, and we have always a large number of positions open for men possessed of Special Ability—Technical or otherwise. If you are possessed of such ability, and have a character which is proven or provable, write us to-day.
HAPGOODS, Ltd., 27, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

T. H. A. (Kimberley).—We had already dealt with the Vicar of Basingstoke. *What* a bounder!

G. F. G. (Dublin) wants the readers of JOHN BULL to join the congregation of the Vicar of Bacup in prayer for a speedy release from their Vicar's trouble. It appears that for months past the holy man has been trying in vain to secure a curate, and he asks for the prayers of his people. Why not try a bigger octroi?

F. O. S. has a brother who was reduced from sergeant to private, refused a medal, and punished in various ways because he told Baden-Powell he was "a damned fraud." The moral is: Bear in mind that speech was given us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts.

"MENHIR" (Jersey).—Irish representative peers are elected to the House of Lords for life, and cannot resign, or even be expelled.

G. R. R. (Glasgow).—We do not think much of the cartoon you send us, and we doubt whether Glasgow will follow the example of Mid-Devon whenever it is put to the test.

"MARINER" (Linthorpe).—We quite agree with you in condemning the imbecility in awarding heavy prizes to Limerick competitors who imagined that Parsees were a kind of rigger.

H. G. (Dalston) considers it inconsistent on the part of the Salvation Army to preach the sanctity of the Sabbath and go about in omnibuses on Sunday. But how can any Sabbatarian ever be really consistent?

J. K. R. (Maitland Park) points out that with very few exceptions the firms which announced that they would not give presents at Christmas have never done so. But see answer to J. B.

F. A. B. (Bristol) writes us a great many letters. We have a bundle of them in our hands, and notice his opinion that "man was not created for any special purpose any more than cats and dogs were."

"PROMETHUS" writes: "James is great. More power to his elbow! May he never take anything stronger than vitriol." He also wants us to tell him what is a split infinitive. We fear he cannot be a regular reader of Le Queux, so we will give him a specimen. "Peter Karageorgevitch, wanting to thoroughly, emphatically, and, to the satisfaction of every sanguinary Regicide in the country, manifestly proclaim his confidence in Mr. Tucker, appointed him Consul-General in London." A split infinitive is only less emetic than a false quantity.

"A REGULAR READER" points out that the London County Council refused £10,000 for paving and repairing streets, but granted £120 for flagstaffs for schools. The latest kind of Little Englander loves to expend upon flags and flagstaffs and toy ranges the patriotism which age or imbecility prevents him from contributing to the serious requirements of the people.

C. E. H. (Bodmin), G. H. J. (Liverpool), C. C. A. (West Hampstead), A. G. (London, W.C.), W. A., Jun. (Edinburgh), H. H. (Poplar), D. D. (Leeds), A. P. (Acton), Nurse P. (Reading), C. C. M. (Southsea), E. S. (Eastbourne), H. G. H. B. (Neath), and H. V. S. (Clapton).—All carefully noted.

"CYMRO" (Edmonton) has been reading in the *Daily Mirror* about an egg measuring 9 inches in length, and weighing 6 ounces. He says his salt cellar did not contain enough salt to enable him to swallow it.

J. A.—Well, after all, a bedroom to let is a situation vacant, so why should we give a biscuit?

A. C. P. (Swindon) wants a biscuit for the writer of a biography who stated that a man now living "succumbed to enteric fever at Bloemfontein." We are not, however, sure that "succumb" necessarily implies death. It merely means to fall under, which does not preclude the idea of getting up again.

T. A. S. (Silhill).—Surely most mistakes attributed to statesmen are the property of the reporters. And we are not by any means sure that "going to come" is incorrect.

H. V. D. (Birmingham) makes merry at the expense of a newspaper which spoke of "a rapidly increasing crowd of a dozen people." But one of the points that has never been settled is the number of people required to constitute a crowd.

"ANXIOUS" (London Road).—The Empire Mercantile Agency and Cooper and Co. (Moneylenders, 158, Fenchurch Street) are no good. You had better not give them any more deposits.

J. E. M. (Leeds).—Your theological requirements must not be neglected. We are glad to hear you enjoyed Crow's observations on philosophy, for someone else writes to say that he regards them as piffle.

C. A. (Stockwell) wants to know when he will get back money which he invested in the New Druce Portland Company. We gather from the report of the winding up that he will eventually be repaid, but probably he will have to wait until a great deal of red tape has been disentangled.

W. G. H. (East Ham).—What a very long poem!

A. W. H. (Leamington).—Glad to hear of your successful missionary enterprise on our behalf.

"ONE WITH THE HUMP" (Cardiff).—We suppose it is no use offering you a drink.

"NOVICE" (Forest Hill).—We should not have thought that the writing of good short stories could be taught, but if your object is to make money, Miss Cartwright's School of Journalism (8 & 9, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street) may possibly help you. Perhaps some other reader can advise you definitely about the value of the school.

"NORMS" (Bristol).—We are giving Limericks a miss.

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

By Special Appointment To His Majesty the King.

By Royal Warrant To Their Majesties The King and Queen of Italy.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

C. J. B. (Eastbourne) endorses our remarks about Lord Roberts, and encloses some lines which, he tells us, were scratched on the wall of one of the palaces at Delhi :—

When wars are rife and strife runs high,
God and the soldier is all the cry.
When war is over and things are righted,
God is forgotten and the soldier slighted.

We shall certainly resist any attempt to use us as a doormat.

"Antiquarian" (West Hartlepool).—We much regret that we cannot give you the lady's address without further particulars, but if you will kindly send us the information we will see that it meets her eye.

"Desirous" (Nunhead) wants to obtain a situation on the West African Coast. We hope he has insured his life.

G. A. B. (Victoria Park).—Many thanks for the private information, which we will bear in mind.

C. J. D. (Southend-on-Sea), W. B. (Cardiff), W. B. (Tunstall), F. C. (Bury), C. C. (Dundee), "Celt" (Liverpool), R. G. (Woburn Place), J. N. (Iron Bridge), J. B. N. (Reading), and W. W. (West Streatham).—Letters received with many thanks, and carefully noted.

"Teri Bus" (Ayr).—We certainly think people who persist in singing very loudly are a nuisance.

F. H. M. (Great Ormond Street).—We tried very hard to smile, but failed. Our glasses were not strong enough to see any joke.

W. S. S. (Govan) sends us the syllabus of the Barhead South United Free Church Young Men's Christian Association. We notice that on December 20th, 1908, Mr. James M'Kay will deliver a lecture upon "John Bunion." Let us hope a chiropodist will have visited the town before then.

D. B. G. (Belfast) wants a biscuit for a prisoner who said some tools were not his, but were the property of another woman. Our correspondent forgets the authority of Herodotus, who spoke of "horses and other camels." He really should read our back numbers.

H. J. S. (Rotherhithe).—It sounds a hard case, but we have no means of investigating it.

A. K. (Berlin).—Many thanks. We will have a look at the little book you kindly send us, though we are a bit frightened by the colour of the cover.

"A Bullite" (Southwell).—The paper was careless, but we want a little touch of humour to induce us to dip our fingers into the tin.

"Stork" (Liverpool).—We have long lost interest in Limericks, but we quite agree with you that Tennyson was not in it with some of the large prize winners.

P. C. C. and E. St. C. D. (Strand) send us two pictures from the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Daily Mail* supposed to represent the same person, but as different as chalk from cheese. But our friends must remember that the politics of the papers are different too.

W. H. W. (Padddington).—We are not tempted "to extend our arm to the tin" in favour of long cuttings which are not marked. Surely you possess a pencil.

J. W. E. S. (London, E.C.)—If you had given your name and address in confidence, we would gladly have taken up the matter. But anonymous communications do not inspire us with enthusiasm.

L. C. (Portland Place).—The fact that only one reviewer praised a book does not prove that it is not as good as Stevenson. But you may take it that very few reviews outside John Bull are to be taken as a candid expression of expert opinion.

T. W. and D. (Norwich).—We do not usually notice anonymous correspondents, even when they are insulting. However, for the benefit of other people we may point out that anyone with a grain of sense should know that a nought at the beginning of a set of figures means nothing.

F. G. D. (Streatham).—It is only clumsy. The meaning is obvious.

B. J. C. (Bristol).—We fear you have failed to grasp the scheme of our biscuits. Your suggestion is dismissed with costs.

G. S. (Ebury Street).—The Goldsmiths' Manufacturing Company's prize distribution is not worth a sleepless night.

D. C. (Glasgow).—We have exposed catch advertisements of the kind you mention very often. The Atlantic liner trick is a very old one.

"Doubting Thomas."—We should not be induced by testimonials from "such society dames as Mrs. T. P. O'Connor" to try the "British Vibrator" for rheumatism. We do not know whether The British Appliances Manufacturing Co. is run by Yankees, but it would not surprise us.

H. J. F. (Shepperton) sends us some torn pages of a parish magazine and offers to repeat the operation every month. We beg to decline with respectful thanks.

N. P. (St. Leohard's-on-Sea) wishes to know if there are any complaints against the New Patent Telephone Directory Company (2a, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, W.). Last July he gave an order for an advertisement to one of their canvassers, who stated that it would be published in about three weeks. He heard nothing more till October 19th, when he was told that the directory was only just complete for printing and that Hastings was next on the list. Since then he has heard no more. He does not state whether he paid in advance for his advertisement.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

BRONCHITIS, CATARRH,

Asthma & Blood-Spitting

Mrs. Chapman.

CURED AFTER 20 YEARS.

Mrs. Joel Chapman, of Maulden Road, Flitwick, near Ampthill, Beds., writes:—"For over twenty years I suffered dreadfully from Bronchitis and Asthma, which was attended with Nasal Catarrh and Blood-spitting. Every attack I had seemed to get worse, and I could hardly breathe on account of the accumulation of phlegm in the nose and throat."

"I thought I should never be any better, as I am 56 years of age, but one day I tried Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and was relieved after one dose and found great comfort. I could breathe freely and naturally through the nose, and the blood-spitting was at once stopped, the phlegm did not arise, and I got so much relief that I don't know how to thank you enough for what Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has done for me."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Purest Remedy for:
COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, WEAK LUNGS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

9½d.

Larger sizes 1/1½ & 2/9, of all chemists, or post free from the Veno Drug Co., Cedar Street, Manchester.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

BIRKBECK BANK

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

"THE THRONE."

The High-Class Illustrated Weekly.

February 8.h contains the sketch specially drawn for "The Throne" by the

LATE KING OF PORTUGAL,

also Portraits of the entire Portuguese Royal Family.
Numerous special and illustrated articles by famous experts.

NEW OFFICES—
161A, STRAND, W.C.

£20 TO £10,000 FROM ACTUAL LENDERS.

TERMS INCLUSIVE OF ALL CHARGES.
Your approved promissory note discounted as follows:
£20 at £1 6 8 per month.
£50 " £3 6 8 "
£100 " £6 13 4 "
Larger amounts in same proportion.
Special terms for short periods.

No Fees. No Delay.
Apply to
WILLIAM STANLEY and CO.,
271-273, Oxford St., London, W.
Telephone: Gerrard 6097.

Charles Stevens & Co.

12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.
Telephone: 9712 Central.
Who are the Actual Lenders, advance cash from £20 to £10,000 to all approved applicants. Write or call for particulars. No charge unless business completed.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahlk.

TIME, DAYLIGHT, PEARCE AND PLENTY.

I have the honour to perceive Mr. Robert Pearce, Liberal M.P. for Leek. But yesterday he was undiscovered; to-day I do no violence to my conscience in recommending him for "Who's Who."

Mr. Pearce has introduced a Bill into the House of Commons to promote the earlier use of daylight in certain months yearly, and for other purposes relating thereto. With the discerning eye of a great statesman he has observed that in this country there is a vast quantity of daylight running to waste, and that instead of rising as one man and seizing it without stint and without scruple, the populace lie abed somnolent, careless, and unheeding. Mr. Pearce demands that Parliament shall suppress the scandal and the shame. Daylight, he argues, is one of the most precious possessions of a free people. There is Pearce and plenty for all. The night cometh wherein no man shall work; but in the daylight the early bird gets the worm, and is filled with joy and thanksgiving.

You might urge that this should be a matter of voluntary effort, and that the man who yearns for more daylight is at liberty under both the common and the statute law to arise and get it. I gather that Mr. Pearce will not deny the cogency of this great argument as far as it goes. But he probably holds that the prodigal waste of daylight by the multitude is due, not to human perversity, but to watches and clocks. Man is not at fault, but his alarum. It awakes him too late. Compel all clocks well forward by Act of Parliament in the glorious summer time; set Big Ben to boom, say, seven o'cock of a morning across a prostrate city when, in fact, it is only five o'clock, and up jumps the nation as if it had just discovered one of its wife's hairpins in the middle of its back, and saves two hours on the working day. For at six o'clock in the evening, when the British workman throws down his hammer with the nail half-driven into the wall of time, it would be but four o'clock in the afternoon, with tea and cake awaiting him.

Such, without entering into precise details, is the purport of the Compulsory Daylight Bill. I doubt whether it will be enshrined in the Wisdom of the Statutes at the first time of asking. Its beneficence will probably dawn on the public slowly. For years there has been a law in our house that all the clocks are to be set two hours forward; indeed, if you start some of them at noon on Greenwich mean time, it won't be long before they are three hours fast on their own account. Does this make me appreciate earlier the hours of daylight the more? Not at all. The trouble is in knowing that all the clocks are liars; and when on opening my eyes the bedroom clock informs me that it is ten minutes to seven when it is only five minutes to five, I merely thank heaven, turn over, and treat it with the contempt it deserves.

It need not be supposed that altering national clocks and calendars by Act of Parliament is any new thing. By the Calendar Act of King George II. it was enacted that eleven days should be omitted after the 2nd September, 1752, with the result that when the eminent statesmen of those days went out for a walk the populace assailed them with cries of "Give us back our eleven days," just as if the legislators had stolen the time and put it in their own pockets. The National Convention during the French Revolution improved on this idea. They decreed that life should begin all over again, that all the time since Adam should be blotted out, utterly abolished, and strictly prohibited for ever and ever, and that the foundation of the Republic should be the year 1. And it was so.

And just as the man with the one-and-elevenpenny watch knew when the hour-hand pointed to four, the minute-hand to eight, and the church clock struck three, that it was five minutes to nine, so if the time is 51 minutes to one when you are in Paris, you know it would be noon if you were at Greenwich. The International Date Line even makes it Monday in one place when it is Sunday in another place quite close to it. Sail eastwards across the Pacific, and you have during the voyage one day of 48 hours; sail westwards in the same longitude, and there is one day your never live; you are exactly twenty-four hours short on your life; so that if you had a birthday due on that day it would never happen. Probably the majestic inspiration of Mr. Pearce is due to contemplation of these things. Pearsonally, I should hesitate to try any of them on our Mary Ann. She does not appreciate the daylight as she should; but if I were to set her alarm secretly so that, when it goes off at half-past eight of a morning, she will have time to arise by half-past six, I fear she would give us a month's notice.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

Or He Might Beat One of Theirs.

Vibrant, perfectly sound, and a useful, though disappointing horse, is for sale for £250, and dirt cheap, too. The only condition Mr. Hodgson makes is that he must be sent abroad.

What Offers?

I am open to buy for South Africa a really good racing galloway, who must not exceed 14.2, or ever be likely to grow beyond it. It must be a maiden, but whether horse, mare, or gelding is immaterial. In fact, I prefer the latter, and am indifferent as to colour, but the animal must be able to stay a mile and have some public form.

"The Throne."

I have had some curious communications relative to my connection with *The Throne*, no end of people asking me to send them a free copy, while others have enclosed various sums, occasionally 1d., to pay for the paper. I hope that the issue of a 6d. weekly illustrated is not beyond the majority of my readers, and everyone can help me in causing the property to be a success by recommending, if not buying it always, and mayhap asking to see it in public hotels, clubs, &c., &c. Last week was the first proper indication of what the paper is really going to be. See it.

Esher's Sport.

Sandown's was quite good sport, featured by a big double for Hednesford in the respective hurdle and steeplechase handicaps, by a smashing performance of Cackler against others he will meet in next month's Grand Military Meeting (all these horses having been bought for the purpose), and for numerous rattling finishes. On Saturday, in particular, hardly anything that finally won looked like doing so up to and over the last fence. Paymaster, for instance, had always had his selling steeplechase field well beaten when he fell over the final jump, which fact must be borne in mind, for the five-year-old is a useful little horse, and a particularly fine stayer.

The Murgis Colt.

A new jockey in Goswell—vice Dunn, who was *hors de combat*—"kidded" Specifical home, while Macmurrogh—the best of all Nightingall's jumpers "at home"—was similarly bluffed into winning a race owing to steeplechasing being quite a new thing for him. As a fact, the light chestnut—who was such a good horse as the Murgis colt when a juvenile—had only twice previously seen any fences, and never been over them "out." But he jumped like a bird, and the risks of riding were run by young John Nightingall, who thus gained the very same race in the very same colours as he did seven years ago upon Saltator, which was his maiden N.H. victory. After promising as usual to win when going into a nice lead on the far side the last time round, Irish Wisdom was "smothered" for speed by Seisdon Prince.

A New Sporting Riviera.

The International Contract Corporation have obtained an option on most favourable terms to purchase, as a going concern, the Grand Bath Hotel and Café, Flushing-on-Sands, Holland, together with the option from the municipal authorities of certain extra adjacent land for the erection of a Grand Kursaal with Cercle Privé, Casino, and Theatre. Steps have been taken to secure about 350 acres of suitable land for an exceptionally fine racecourse, polo ground, motor racing track, golf links, &c. An application to build a promenade pier with bandstand, &c., fronting the kursaal is to be made to the Government, backed by the recommendation of the municipal authorities of Flushing, and is pretty certain to be granted, thus giving the Corporation the monopoly of the foreshore, and ensuring the impossibility of rivalry. When the developments are carried out on the lines proposed, it will become a veritable Northern Riviera. It is also intended to institute a gun club, bowling greens and alleys, archery and croquet grounds, racket and tennis courts, and other amusements, such as coursing, motor racing, &c.

Prophetic.

If he has been saved for it, the chance of the bogey, Royal Rouge, comes in the Harrington Handicap at Leicester to-day (Thursday), where, anyhow, his owner, if not the horse himself, would like to win. Hurst Park, of course, gives us a good general card, the best thing of the meeting being

Venetian,

who is entered three times and cannot surely now fail to win one of his races. Yashmak missed her Sandown engagement in wait for the Bracknell Handicap at Windsor, in which she is certain, as usual, to run prominently; but recent form suggests that there are serious dangers in Mount Prospect II., The Alant, and Golden Ray.

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RABY v. BIRCH.

Messrs. Swepstone and Stone, the solicitors acting for Mr. Raby in his recent actions against Arthur Birch, the injured jockey, take exception to a reference to the matter on this page, and wish it to be known that Mr. Raby did not personally solicit the case; that before he undertook it he mentioned what his charge would be; that announcements appeared in the Press over the signature of Mr. Lotinga, who had charge of the funds to the effect that Mr. Raby's account would be paid out of such funds; that Mr. Raby thereupon sent his account to Mr. Lotinga (on March 27th, 1907); that Birch remained under his treatment till May 4th, and that Mr. Raby has never received a single penny in payment for Birch's board, lodging and treatment.

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